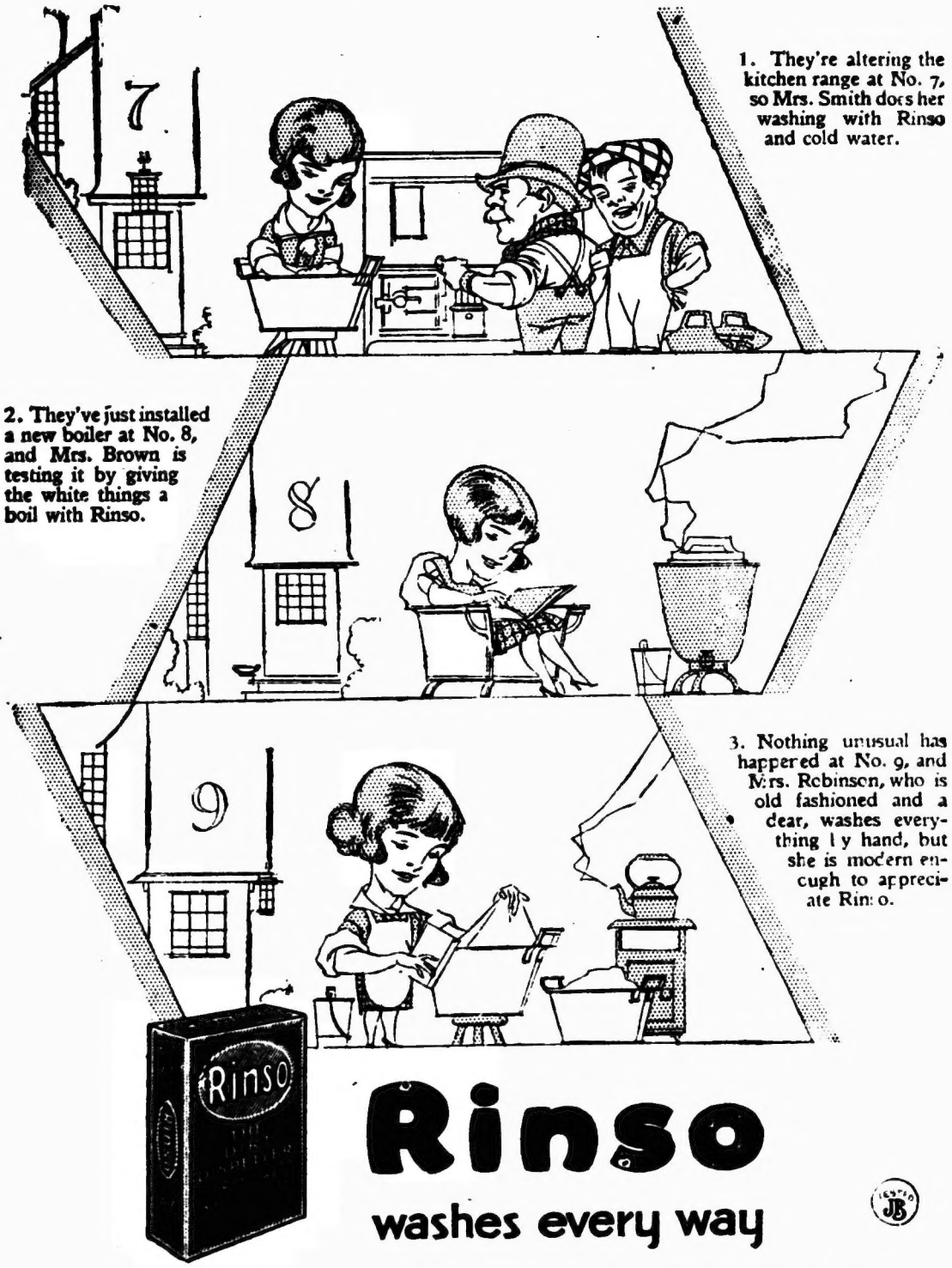
JOHN BULL, JULY 2, 1927 Vol. XLII. No. 1098

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Britain's washday – *featuring* Rinso



1. They're altering the kitchen range at No. 7, so Mrs. Smith does her washing with Rinso and cold water.

2. They've just installed a new boiler at No. 8, and Mrs. Brown is testing it by giving the white things a boil with Rinso.

3. Nothing unusual has happened at No. 9, and Mrs. Robinson, who is old fashioned and a dear, washes everything by hand, but she is modern enough to appreciate Rinso.

Rinso

washes every way

COLD OR HOT OR BOILING

R. S. HUDSON LIMITED, LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON

50 MORE £5:5 CHEQUES FOR "JOHN BULL" REGISTERED READERS *See page 2*

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

FIRE FIEND AT WORK AGAIN!

Reader's terrible experience and a grateful letter of thanks

"John Bull,"

35, Handsworth Road,
Blackpool, N.S.
June 6th, 1927.

Dear Sir,

Cheque for £78:7:0 received, for which I am very grateful indeed. It has lifted me up to make another start which I cou d not have done otherwise. I had every been a most terrible time. I had every confidence I should be fairly dealt with, and I was glad to know my faith was not misplaced. I should also like to thank your representative for the kindly way in which he helped and sympathised. You have my permission to publish this letter.

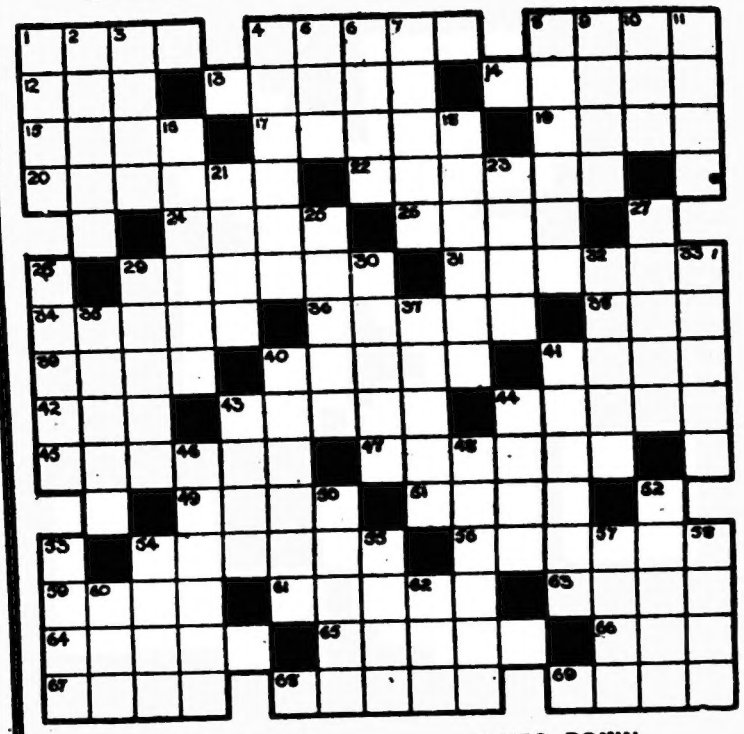
Yours thankfully,
(Signed) D. J. MOSS.

N.B.—Our reader, Mrs. Moss, had a terrible experience. Awakened at four o'clock in the morning by the barking of her dog "Vic," she found the house in flames. In the kitchen, most of the furniture was destroyed and a hole burned in the floor above. "Vic," who probably saved the lives of the inmates, was awarded a bronze medal.

JOHN BULL PAYS UP TO £400 FOR DAMAGE BY FIRE TO READERS' HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

Our Cross-Word Corner

Another Teaser!



CLUES ACROSS.

1. A nod.
4. To scorch.
8. To eat into.
12. Sharp instrument.
13. Judicial.
14. Calibre.
15. Power exerted.
17. New type of ship.
19. The blackthorn.
20. S.E. London suburb.
22. Card game for two.
24. Destruction.
26. Leg joint.
29. Intellectual.
31. Ingenuous.
34. A fold.
36. Faint-hearted.
38. Boat paddle
39. Saucy.
40. Imprisoned.
41. Timbre.
42. Jail-bird.
43. Pertaining to the sun.
44. Main artery
45. Before this time.
47. A rain-cloud.
49. First man.
51. Lanky.
54. Dispensed with.
56. Indian tree.
59. Observe.
61. Fear.
63. Diplomatic memorandum.
64. Pertaining to a Royal Court.
65. Part of a coat.
66. To hold fast.
67. A bird.
68. Put off.
69. A county.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Ordered.
2. Banished person.
3. One hundred.
4. Allow.
5. Past.
6. A levy.
7. Time-piece.
8. To affix.
9. Guiding principle.
10. Self talk.
11. To be prolific.
16. A menace.
18. Sour.
21. Female relative.
23. To peruse.
25. Pertaining to birth.
27. Extraordinary in size.
28. Tempted 49 across.
29. To incorporate.
30. Indicated sunken goods.
32. Means of approach.
33. A vision.
35. To acquire knowledge.
37. Desert.
40. A craven.
41. French naval port.
43. Water softener.
44. Skilful.
46. A handkerchief.
48. A pigment.
50. The blackbird.
52. A fine material.
53. A fault.
54. Only.
55. Hard of hearing.
57. To drug.
58. Torn.
60. Possessive pronoun.
62. Monkey.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 31.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 2/7/27.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

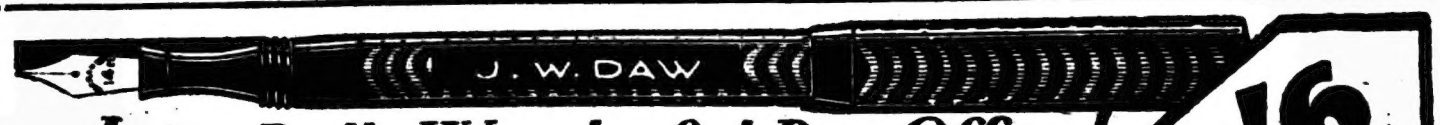
Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 2/7/27.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.



John Bull's Wonderful Pen Offer!

"There isn't a better pen on the market. I am a stationer so I know what I am saying.—E. J., 119, Green Street, Bethnal Green.

The "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib iridium tip worth 15/-
2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil with refills FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6

You send Six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance) 4/-

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

YOU SAVE 13/6

Name engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra

2/6 'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL FREE

£1,000 GUARANTEE

The proprietors of Nonn will pay one thousand pounds to any medical charity if it can be proved that Nonn is not exactly what they claim, viz. :—

(*a*) That Nonn is Nature's own nerve nourishment, *i.e.*, it is made from the identical substances which nature herself supplies for the support of the nervous system. It is absolutely free from drugs and harmful chemicals.

(*b*) That Nonn for men and Nonn for women are two entirely different and distinct preparations.

No one need despair of curing nervous trouble now. Nonn has benefited so many people already—people who were suffering from a great variety of nervous disorders—that you can take it with the utmost confidence.

RED Cartons for Men 3/- 15 days' supply.

Nonn

Nature's Own Nerve Nourishment

BLUE Cartons for Women 3/- 15 days' supply.

From all Chemists and Stores
Stocked by Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's.
Write for our free booklet, "New Light on Your Mysterious Nerves."

NONN LTD., Laboratories, Coldharbour Lane, BRIXTON, S.W. 9

It is soap and not air or water which softens beards. A good shaving soap rubbed directly on to the face softens each bristle as nothing else can.

Pears'

Shaving Soap

Specially Made to Soften Beards

GOLDEN STICK 1/3 SILVER STICK 1/-
(U.K. only)

PSS 15-54

It's BETTER to buy

CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.43W.

WHEN SENDING Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 7/6 down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
36, LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

THIS SUPERIOR CHARLESTON UKULELE

Ideal for Summer Outings.

FOR **1/-** down.

COMPLETE PLAYING AND TUITION OUTFIT.

MAKE YOUR HOLIDAYS JOLLY DAYS with this glorious Jaz Instrument. With Self-Tutor you can play the popular Plantation Melodies in one hour. Handsome instrument, mahogany-polished Cedar, natural Cedar fingerboard with m.-o.-pearl inlay, rosewood tops. 1/- with order, 2/- on Sat. following receipt of instrument, then 6 weekly payments of 2/- (13/- in all). SEND TO-DAY.

F. HAND & CO., 20, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

YOURS for 1/6 WEEKLY

World's finest Baby Cars at "REDUCED PRICES." 250 HIGH-GRADE MODELS to choose from. Send at once for Beautiful ART LISTS, selected from the best, and have one of these really High-Grade Carriages sent strictly on approval. If you are not highly delighted, money refunded and carriage paid both ways. Easy Terms to Suit all Pockets. Our terms apply to any of the leading makes, including MARMET, TANSAD, DUNKLEY, HARFORD, LIMOUSETTE, etc., etc. Push Chairs from 1/- weekly. Everything good for Baby. Cots, High Chairs, etc.

From £2 : 19 : 6

Tan Sad Folders from 1/- weekly.

THE BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO., (Dept. J.1) SOUTHAMPTON.

WHIPCORD TROUSERS

To advertise our 20-page Catalogue of over 200 Government Bargains we are making a special offer to JOHN BULL readers of a pair of guaranteed whipcord trousers for the advertising price of **5/11** Postage 9d.

These are of smart cut, Dark Grey in colour, turned up bottoms and hip pocket, and as **TOUGH AS IRON IN WEAR, AND WE GUARANTEE TO REPLACE SHOULD THEY FAIL.** Remember, cash refunded if not honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating waist measurement, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

NUTTALL, 1, Good mayes, London

8/11 POST FREE MOROCCO GRAINED FIBRE SUIT-CASE

Strong Morocco Fibre Suit Case corners reinforced vulcanite beam hinges and locks; real hide handle, Lined Persian Leatherette, Hard wearing.

26 inch size POST FREE **8/11**

GENUINE REXINE SHOPPING BAGS 15 in. x 15 in. Roomy strong **2/4** POST FREE

Other sizes if desired. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Order early or send for price lists.

J. C. LLOYDS, 83, GRAYS INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

Wonderful Sale Offer!

JUMPER & SKIRT

FINE quality woven stockinette. Ideal for sports or holiday wear. Excellent appearance, well cut smart collar and tie, two pockets. Will wear well and keep shape. In five beautiful shades—Saxe, Helio, Fawn, Almond, Havana. (State which required when ordering.)

9/11 POST FREE

Satisfaction or Money Back.

Send for this wonderful bargain to-day.

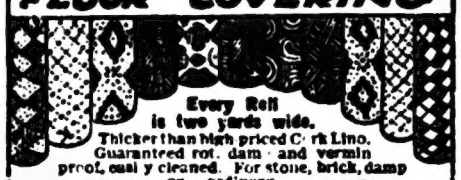
KEMP'S,
306, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

IT'S NOT A CRIME TO BE THIN, BUT—

it's really embarrassing to be so thin that people speak of you as being "skinny." After all, it's not necessary to be either thin, weak or anæmic. Almost any man or woman who wants to put on flesh, increase strength, endurance and vitality, can do it in a few weeks by getting a package of Blood-Iron Phosphate and taking as directed. This increases the red blood cells, strengthens the nervous system, and thus helps to quickly overcome those troubles, such as thinness, anæmia, neurasthenia, sleeplessness and physical weakness due to, or accompanied by, impoverished blood and weak nerves. Blood-Iron Phosphate costs only 3s. a flask of any good chemist, and it is so genuinely good that those who want to be really fit and strong quickly should get some and begin its use to-day.

IMPORTANT.—Although Blood-Iron Phosphate is wonderfully effective in increasing strength and nervous energy, it should not be used by people who object to putting on weight.

HYDROLEUM FLOOR COVERING



Every Roll is two yards wide.

Thicker than high priced Cork Lino. Guaranteed rot, damp and vermin proof, easily cleaned. For stone, brick, damp or ordinary wooden floors. Send for free samples.

PRICE ONLY **15/-** PER ROLL OF **72** SQUARE FEET

HAWKEN & Co DEPT. 122 HARBOUR ST. 38 44 LONDON, W.1.

Cheaper Cigarettes

High Class Virginia at **4/9** per 100 Post free

You can now buy high-grade cigarettes at less than "gasper" prices by sending for ¼-lb., ½-lb., or 1-lb. of "Ferndale" Virginia. Selling direct and in these weights enables us to supply high-quality cigarettes fresh from the factory and post free at the following low prices: ¼-lb. (100 cigarettes), 4/9; ½-lb. (200), 9/3; 1-lb. (400), 18/6.

"Ferndale" Cigarettes are made by specialists from selected Virginian leaf, and would cost 1/8 a hundred more if sold over the counter in the ordinary way.

Money willingly returned if you are dissatisfied. Send postal order and requirements to the

FERNDALE CIGARETTE COMPANY, 87, Walbrook, London, E.C.2.

THIS FINE GRAMOPHONE BARGAIN OFFER IS UNRIVALLED.

5/- NOW

Fully warranted British-made Thornless Gramophone, polished Oak Cabinet, powerful Silent Motor, 10in Turntable, Taper Tone Arm, natural tone reproducer and Ten brilliant Selections, for £3 : 0 : 0. TERMS: send 5/- now, and 11 monthly payments of 5/- Full 7 days' Approval. Catalogue & Record List Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

DR. NESPER'S MASTERPIECE

To obtain the very best results in Radio-Reception, you must be perfectly sure your Headphones are reliable. Dr. Nesper is world-famous as the Greatest Living Expert on anything appertaining to Wireless Reception. What Brains and Money can do has been done to perfect Nesper products. Test for yourself by sending 9d. Deposit for a Pair of Dr. Nesper's NON-ADJUSTABLE 4,000 OHMS Headphones. If satisfied, you complete purchase by sending 8 monthly payments of 2/- each. Dr. Nesper's Baby Loud Speaker, 21/6. Deposit 1/6. De Luxe Model, 42/6. Deposit 2/6. Crystal Set, complete with 2 pair Phones, 35/6. Deposit 3/6. Latest Summer Catalogue Free.

THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.), WIRELESS HOUSE, STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.

WONDERFUL BARGAINS ON EASY TERMS.

LADIES' lovely MACKINTOSHES } 1/- deposit
Also GENT'S & CHILDREN'S } & 1/- weekly.
All shades & sizes.

FREE. Write for beautifully illustrated Catalogue.

GENT'S £4/4/- Suits for 55/-
BOYS' £1/15/- Suits for 27/-
LADIES' £3/13/- Dresses for 45/-

No extra for EASY TERMS.

BOOTS, 700 pairs Gent's, Ladies', Children's from 1/- weekly.

SALISBURY SERVICE CO., Ltd. (Dept. 5c),

13, Salisbury Sq., London, E.C.4.

1/8 PER SQUARE YARD

LOVELY PATTERNS HONEST VALUE

—the cheapest and best floor-covering in the world—that's Artoleum. Made in many lovely patterns, in rolls 2 yards wide, at only 1/8 per square yard. Rot-proof, damp-proof, suitable for any room; hard-wearing, easily cleaned.

ARTOLEUM BETTER THAN LINOLEUM

SAMPLES and coloured Illus. FREE

J. LLOYDS, *Artoleum House* 83, Grays Inn Road, W.C.1.

GRAVES WIRELESS BARGAIN

This highly efficient 2-Valve Loud Speaker Set is the finest Wireless Value ever offered

10/- NOW

Volume and quality of tone are unsurpassed. Simplicity itself. With coils for long & short wave-lengths. CABINET of polished Oak, & components of highest quality. Full Emitter Valves, with patent valve holders, &c. H.T. Battery. 2-volt accumulator; Loud Speaker of exclusive design with improved mica diaphragm; and complete Aerial Outfit, £7:17:6

Terms: 10/6 now, 10/6 Monthly.

Catalogue Post Free. J.G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

FREEMANS

Celebrated SPARE TIME AGENCY

CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Linos, Drapery, Gramophones, Watches, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

How to supply employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Particulars for Agents Free and Post Paid

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; How much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Room B), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

HAD PILES 40 YEARS. NOW PERMANENTLY CURED. NO OPERATION EITHER.

Perth man tells how he cured himself. Send a post card within the next ten days and you will receive a large supply of Nemolin ENTIRELY FREE OF COST.

"One touch of Nemolin, and your pains are over. A day—or possibly two if the case is serious—and you never worry about piles any more. Nemolin will cure them *permanently*," writes this former sufferer, who *never* expected to be cured. Soothing, healing, antiseptic, odourless, non-astringent, convenient to use, and absolutely non-poisonous, it avoids any detention from business or social activities and renders operations no longer necessary. Totally different from any other treatment. At all chemists.

During the next ten days the Manufacturers agree to forward post paid on request, in plain sealed wrapping, A LARGE FREE SUPPLY, fully sufficient for a thorough trial, together with certified proofs of effects in thousands of specially difficult cases, also authoritative professional endorsement, which must convince even the most discouraged, hopeless and sceptical.—Just send a post card to Research Laboratories (Dept. 107 P.), 22, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

WHATEVER YOUR SKIN TROUBLE

Read This!

If you get a sudden cut, scratch, bruise, or sprain; if your skin is chafed, rashy, or irritated, is affected by wind or sun, or poisoned by insect bites, you can rely on Zam-Buk to soothe and heal.

Being a highly-refined herbal substance, Zam-Buk is able to soak thro' the pores and exert a purifying influence on the whole of the underlying tissues.

With its germ-killing property, Zam-Buk eradicates eczema, scalp sores, flesh-eating ulcers, ringworm, eruptions, etc. At the same time this balm is most soothing and agreeable. It is a real skin-grower.

Zam-Buk Balm 1/3 and 3/- per box. Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap, for tender skins, 1/- cake.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 27s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE
In the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in Stockings, Fents, Ready-mades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide. Post free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.— Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg (Dept. B.). High Street, Manchester.

RETAILERS, Marketmen and Beginners don't delay writing for our free Illustrated Catalogue containing bargains in all classes of Drapery Goods.—S. Mosco (Dept. J.B.), 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

FREE Illus. Trade Catalogue, Hardware, Cutlery, Fancy Goods.—Nisco Co., 40, Gaskell Rd., E.C. Sole Importers Famous Nisco Razor Blade.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a Pool-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., 11, Birstall, Leeds.

WRITE for full parties, and Free Sample of Live Agency; 50 p.c. Profit. No risk or outlay. —Carter, 35, North Street, Bedminster, Bristol.

EARN £3 to £5 wkly. Run Bed-clothing and Drapery Clubs amongst friends. No outlay. Parties. free.—Grove Mills, Dpt. M., Birstall, Leeds.

COUNTRY Canvassing. Permanency at £5-£14 week on results with bonus.—Write Stanleys, 56, Warton Road, Stratford, London, E.15.

CHOCOLATE Club Agents wanted. Cash com. Best makes, Rowntree's, Cadbury's, Fry's. Agents come again. Lodge, Kirkgate Chrs., Huddersfield.

AGENTS (Spare-time) to sell Drapery, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Jewellery. Liberal com. Well supplied with samples.—Write, Dept. 13, York, Ltd., 53a, Bayham St., London, N.W.1.

£5,000 GIVEN AWAY as special presents to Xmas Club Agents, also 8/- in the £ commission in goods. Leading lines, large cash commission, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Toys, etc. 20/- worth of Chocolates free for special scheme. Write to-day.— DENNIS & CO., Dept. D., COLNE.

EMPLOYMENT.

A BETTER JOB FOR THE MAN WITH BACKBONE AND GRIT.—You can make sure of a comfortable future if you decide to become a travelling salesman and study by postal training in your spare time under Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship. Attwood-trained men, without previous experience "on the road," are now earning their £500, £600, £800 and £1,000 a year in positions found for them by Wallace Attwood. After training every student is introduced to firms of repute to a good post as Salesman. If you want to be lifted out of the rut send postcard for book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 19B, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (introductions guaranteed). Over 80 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The B.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years). Head Offices, 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com.—J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee retd. Booklet, testls. free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

KNITTERS wanted to work Imperia Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—Imperia Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 97, Gray's Inn Road, London.

TREMENDOUS PROFITS IN SWEETS. Sweetmaking taught professionally (all branches). Wonderful new system. No special appliances (except thermometer), kitchen utensils only. Opportunities city or country. 2d. stamp booklet.— Dept. J.B., LIBERTY CANDY CO., Summit House, Langham Place, Regent St., London, W.1.

ARE you making progress? Mr. Lind has written: "I am now earning £800 a year, and I attribute my success entirely to your five weeks' training in Salesmanship." Well-educated men of good appearance and aptitude should investigate this unique opportunity. Call or write.—Salesmanship, Ltd., 56, Kingsway, W.C.2.

25 BOYS wanted monthly for Queensland farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages.—Write or call, O/S, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10. Welsh 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Experts. Free Service Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London. 'Phone: City 0842.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Memos., Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage. —Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

ANYONE can start a small business of his own by purchasing the book, "Gateway to Business." 23 different businesses explained. Write for free particulars.—British Printing Trust D., Ltd., 83, Upper Thames Street, London.

BEDSTEADS, etc.—FURNITURE direct from Factory to Home.—Cash or Instalments. Send P.C. for lists. You will SAVE MONEY. Established 35 years. — Chas. Riley (Desk 4), Sherlock Street East, Birmingham.

BUY A HARRISON KNITTING MACHINE and EARN A GOOD LIVING. Write to us re Work Terms—IT WILL PAY YOU! Lists Free.— KNITTER WORKS, 97, Upper Brook Street, MANCHESTER.

FREE. Samples of Beads, Tubes, etc., for all purposes. Write now to Beads, Ltd., 19/20, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

SPECIAL OFFER OF SUITCASES.—Large size (26-inch), well made of Morocco grained Fibre. Read the advt. of Messrs. Lloyds on page 4.

HARD-WEARING WHIPCORD TROUSERS for 5/11. See advt. of Messrs. Nuttall & Co in "The Mail Order Market" on page 4.

SENSATIONAL HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY.

2,000 Doctors say anyone can grow and keep Abundant Hair.

32-Page Valuable Illustrated Book Everyone Who Desires Hair Health Must Read.

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Week ending July 2, 1927. Vol. XLII. Saturday Twopence No. 1096.

JOHN BULL

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Lording It.

Put simply, the Government's plan of Lords' "Reform" is an attempt to fasten on the country a House of Lords with extended powers which it will be impossible again to "reform" without the consent of the Lords themselves.

Short-sighted.

The most deadly thing is the naked political manœuvre of trying to prevent the elected Commons from ever again "cutting the claws" of a hereditary "blocking" Chamber.

Abolish Battleships.

Since the essence of the Naval Conference is to maintain an agreed balance without competition, why cannot Britain, the United States and Japan agree as between themselves to abolish battleships altogether?

Easy Millions.

To fix 10,000 or 7,500 tons as the limit for any warcraft makes a simple rule easy to enforce. The moral effect on the world would be enormous. It would save this country in the next dozen years anything up to £150,000,000—and future generations millions untold.

Telling the World.

Since the League of Nations disclosures on the white slave traffic, the Argentine Government has watched its ports and made a hundred arrests. The League is a power.

Not Workmen.

The poor attendance of Government supporters in the House of Commons is nothing short of scandalous. Reliance on a big majority is a poor excuse. Constituencies vote for representation and they ought to get it.

The Right Direction.

Nothing could be better than Sir Austen Chamberlain's declaration against secret diplomacy. But why "secret conversations"? When all work together for the good of the world, one is as unnecessary as the other.

Carrying On.

British firms are considering granting large credits to Russia in an effort to keep trade going. Nations are learning that it doesn't pay to quarrel. Exchanging goods and service pays every time.

Enlightenment.

A study of mine working in other countries has convinced Sir Alfred Mond that amalgamation is the only way. If it leads to regular employment at better pay it is our opinion too.

Look Ahead.

The day of prosperity for small, rival organisations has gone. Pooled resources make for economy and efficiency. And that's as true of mining as of lesser industries.

Under Notice.

What is to become of the 2,000 men now working out their notices in Glamorganshire collieries is a problem to which no one, as yet, has found answer. If for no other reason the situation in the coalfields demands instant consideration.

When?

The whole question of the future of the mining industry is to be discussed in the House of Commons. Even now, there'd be hope if the Samuel Report was accepted as a basis for action.

Showing Teeth.

Some dairymen are already proposing to contravene the new Sale of Food (Weights and Measures) Act by selling cream by moneysworth instead of measure. That's easily stopped. Consumers must insist on buying by measure.

Manchester Moving.

Manchester Corporation has 3,600 men employed on its housing schemes, and in the past few weeks 178 houses have been completed for occupation. If what Manchester does to-day the rest of the country does to-morrow, the house evil cannot only be mended, but ended.

Illness Asked For.

The decay of village life goes from bad to worse. Country lanes are bordered by evil-smelling heaps of refuse, old cans in which filth breeds abound. If local government was alive, destructors would be as common as in the towns.

Taps Don't Exist.

The question of water supply in small areas is receiving attention, and not before time. Befouled water doesn't make for health and happiness in the countryside.

Tightening Regulations.

From July 1 no practitioner may give a death certificate unless he has been in attendance on the deceased during his or her last illness. It would be better still if they could not be given before the body had been seen.

Coming In?

The human note, rightly struck, always tells. Splendid gifts of land are being received by the National Playing Fields Association. But if all kiddies are to play in sunshine more and still more are wanted.

Hospitals Hit.

Hospitals are suffering heavily from being forced to pay duty on imported drugs. Exemption orders—which ought to be theirs by right—hang fire. The ambiguous wording of the Safeguarding of Industries Act is the cause.

£1,000 FOR YOU!

STAKE out your claim for this four-figure fortune by entering some "Bullets" this week! (See page 35.)

A Fair Start.

The new trunk road begun, linking up Nottingham with London Road, will have a uniform width of 70 ft., clear away slums, and provide work for two years at a cost of £200,000. That's how the money should go—in wages.

Nottingham Clean-up.

The lace town means also to clear the marsh, the slum area associated with Charles Peace, and rehouse its citizens decently. Why doesn't every town follow suit? Nottingham, as hard hit as any by bad trade, has the pluck to try.

Discreditable.

It reflects little credit either upon their brains or their cause that medical students broke up the Caxton Hall anti-vivisection meeting at which Bernard Shaw attempted to speak. The refusal of the police to intervene needs explaining.

Good for Jix.

The release of Edward Erswell from prison proves that our protest against child imprisonment was justified. The Home Secretary is to be complimented.

Good!

Chiswick is among the first in the field seeking new electricity powers. A super-power station is proposed for erection at Duke's Meadows and must become a fact. Extra light and power, and lots of it, are what every district needs.

Suffer Little Children——

Round the church at St. Martin-in-the-Fields children play in safety without let or hindrance, and on the steps workless men offer their wares. Owners of empty spaces please copy.

Give Them a Chance.

Splendid results are announced by the trustees of the Miners' Welfare national scholarship scheme. Candidates numbered no fewer than 2,252, and of the students' achievements glowing accounts are given. The miner, and his bairns, have brains, given opportunity to use them.

Going Abroad.

Swedish State railways have placed orders for 97,000 tons of Northumberland, 31,000 tons of Durham, and 60,000 tons of Scottish coal. It should pay wages to fill a few more cupboards in stricken areas for a while.

Banish Fog.

The Public Health (Smoke Abatement) Act comes into force on July 1. Public health depends on how it is welcomed, administered and enforced. One year without smoke fogs would work wonders.

Those Hens.

English poultry give evidence of increased productivity, according to recent egg-laying tests. Up-to-date methods would pay in this country as well as any other, if only the land didn't cost quite so much.

Stricter Measures.

Uxbridge Council threatens notice to quit to tenants refusing to cultivate their gardens. Quite right too. People fortunate enough to have a bit of land and too idle to clean it want kicking.

Happy Kiddies.

Fifty Warrington kiddies, whose fathers died for England, have been given the time of their lives amongst the sand dunes on the North Wales coast. When they left for home at the end of a jolly week they were the picture of health and happiness. Why can't all the bairns the war left fatherless be similarly cared for?

Example to Follow.

Neither sub-letting nor overcrowding is to be permitted in connection with the housing scheme at Hamilton. And, enforcing these conditions, the Scottish Board of Health has struck a deadly blow at profiteering and the things that are a hindrance to the healthy life. There is need for their adoption in England and in Wales.

A Better Way.

Justice rather than common-sense has been served by sending James Clark, a loader of coke ovens at Ebbw Vale, to two months' hard labour for deserting his wife and children and leaving them chargeable to the Abergavenny Union. Far preferable would it have been to make him work to support his family and pay a fine.

Non-swimmer's Pluck.

Few people would relish the shock of plunging into deep water fully dressed, knowing they could not swim. Trevor Jones displayed true courage when, standing on the steps of Whitmore Bay bathing pool, he saw a neighbour's child lying at the bottom and dived in. We are glad he had his reward in being able to bring the child to safety.

Too-Young Father.

Only twenty-one, married and the father of three children, we can be glad that on his first conviction of housebreaking a man who pleaded guilty was bound over at the London Sessions. Heavy though his responsibilities must be, we hope he will struggle to put behind him further thoughts of deeds that can only end disastrously.

Hungry Poacher.

"It is hard to have ten persons sitting round the hearth when there's nothing to eat on the table," pleaded Alfred Marsh, a Sutton (Notts) miner. To fine such a man if he is really destitute 15s. for poaching rabbits is but to take from him something he hasn't got. Even a poacher and his family must eat.

A Council's Meanness.

The Kington Council offers 35s. a week for a "working foreman to act as a sweeper with steam roller and timekeeper of men working with same." It is discreditable that such a meagre wage should be offered, and we hope that ratepayers will take some interest in the filling of this job as the councillors appear to possess very little conscience.

Tragic Behaviour.

For an offence against a girl of twelve, a member of his Sunday-school class, Frankland Douglas Coates, fifty-seven, has been sentenced at Liverpool to fifteen months' hard labour, a punishment we think wholly inadequate. That a man of his years did such a wrong to a child, whom as her teacher in religious matters he was doubly called upon to protect, makes the saddest possible reading.

Dear Bribe.

Far better had it been for George Lewis, of North Kensington, if he had not thrust five £1 notes in Chief Inspector Chamberlain's waistcoat pocket when the latter discovered him occupying a house in which two rooms were fitted up as betting offices. It is bad policy to attempt to bribe a member of the police who is merely discharging his duty, as the £50 fine has amply proved.

Cruel Subterfuge.

Unemployed miners in Scotland are being robbed of their benefits on the grounds that they have not sought work in other districts, though there are already many idle hands in the areas. This is downright robbery. We do not wonder that the executive are protesting against the injustice, and we look to the Ministry of Labour to right this foul wrong.

Fiendish "Training."

The practice of beating his twelve-months-old baby until its face and body were one mass of bruises was lightly described by Christopher Ross, of Shawpark Street, Glasgow, as "part of the child's training." Ross has gone to prison for four months, and he may consider himself extremely lucky to have escaped so lightly. Many people would unhesitatingly have prescribed a rigorous course of his own "training," which would have perhaps altered his Spartan views.

Base Ingratitude.

Well and truly did Sidney Vaughan earn the sentence of six months' hard labour passed on him at Kingston for stealing jewellery. Yet this actual crime was trivial compared with his moral offence. When last he came out of prison a Mrs. Plowright befriended him, and found him work, in return for which the base ingrate tempted her son from the path of rectitude. We are glad the magistrates saw their way to binding over this lad. As for Vaughan, he is a despicable hound.

Wrong Title.

Prison appliances broken and parts missing were a frequency at Winston Green Prison, Birmingham, until Alfred William Jacobs, a young prisoner, was taken ill and an operation deemed necessary. Then the missing goods, spoon handles, pewter haircombs, toothbrush handles, screws and metal links came to light. Jacobs, now dead, had swallowed them. It does not satisfy us to smile and call him the "Human Ostrich." Jacobs was a mental patient, wrongly treated as an ordinary prisoner.

His Last Watch.

Daily did Leonard Chamberlain, a lad of seventeen, present himself at the Tooting depôt of the Wandsworth Borough Council, hoping against hope for work. When a friend suggested varying the monotony by going off to buy cigarettes Leonard declined; he might just miss his chance. But the chance that came while the friend was away was one of death. A heavy lorry struck the gate, and a concrete wall giving way under the sudden impact fell and crushed the anxious lad to death. The sadness and the pity of it!

The Human Machine

Gentlemen!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

CARDINAL NEWMAN once defined a gentleman as "one who never inflicts pain." "The true gentleman," he said," carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is in contact . . . his great concern being to make everyone at ease and at home."

To judge by this, the true gentleman is something of a rarity; and yet how easy a recipe it is to follow!

Easy in a way—and yet how difficult; for you must be considerate and tolerant, be prepared to listen when you want to argue violently, see things from the other person's point of view, be prepared to exercise great self-restraint and give more than you receive.

TO see ourselves as others see us has always been held up as something that would do us good! It would do us just as much good if we could see things and think thoughts and view opinions as others do.

You would quickly realise that there was more than one side to every question, and that no one person has a monopoly of knowledge and common sense—not even yourself!

You expect other people to listen to you and respect your views. Well, listen to other people and respect their views.

Brave School Teacher.

"I was dragged down by a man who assured me the children were not in the house, otherwise I should have gone on," said Miss Olga Maby, who, thinking two children were asleep upstairs in a burning house at Southend, crawled up the blazing staircase. An exemplar of courage, Miss Maby is the very one to inculcate that virtue in the children who are lucky enough to claim her as their schoolmistress.

Behind the Times.

Tempted by advertisements inviting him to instal a Post Office telephone, a Norwich reader has been trying since January to have one fixed. After considerable correspondence and a number of interviews, the district manager now advises that "he is unable to hold out any hope of the immediate completion of the telephone service ordered." A public service should exert itself a little more to promptly fulfil orders received.

He Gave his Life.

The great love that gives, counting not even life itself in self-sacrifice, was possessed by John Rawan Stevens, a young lad of fourteen, of Ashburnham Road, Bedford. The canoe in which he had been boating with a friend suddenly overturned and Stevens swam to the bank. Almost safe he heard a cry, and returning to save his friend was dragged down. "Accidentally drowned," but a very gallant deed of a gallant little gentleman.

Sport for Workers.

Lord Hawke, as president of the Oxo Sports Club, was present at the annual sports meeting on the twenty-four-acre ground which the firm has provided for its employees, and offered to give two cups to be held each year by the men and girl employees who won the most events. We want more employers like him who believe that in all large business establishments provision should be made for happy recreation.

Woman's Big Salary.

Fifteen years ago Mrs. Green's husband became paralysed. Notwithstanding her ignorance of business, she obtained a position as saleswoman with Spencer Corsets, Ltd. Now, as vice-president of the company at New York, with a salary of £20,000 a year, she is arriving in this country. This record of a woman who rose without particular training to the top rank of her profession should be an encouragement to those who are left stranded with only their wits to make good.

Stranger's Generosity.

We have to thank Mr. Kielberg, whose mother devoted her life to child welfare in Denmark, and his wife, for relieving the pressure on the Birkenhead and Wirral Children's Hospital by offering their house as a convalescent home for children with a subscription of £500 annually for ten years towards its maintenance. Standing in its own grounds, with accommodation for thirty beds, the home will remain a substantial reminder of the generosity of the stranger within our gates.

Let's Have Beauty.

The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty is trying to preserve Bowness, on the shores of Windermere, from the hands of the despoiler, and Golden Valley, Hindhead, has been bought by Dr. Marie Stopes to give time for its preservation, but she cannot afford to hang on unless the Trust can buy it quickly. Here's a chance for patriotism. No gift to the nation could be greater than its own unspoiled and lovely countryside.

Terrible Record.

We cannot hope for better things in the future as long as in only one month 3,456 complaints of neglect and cruelty to children in England, Ireland and Wales are brought before the N.S.P.C.C. If only parents would realise the sheer folly of having little ones unless they intend to and stand a reasonable chance of being able to bring them up properly! Remember that the battered about, under-nourished, over-threatened child of to-day makes the degenerate, the criminal and the insane man of to-morrow

Forgiving Employer.

Though Thomas David Hughes, ex-Serviceman, of Rhyl, stole a roll of linoleum from his employer, sold it half price and handed him half the proceeds, the employer offered to take him back and let him work off the score, adding that he was an excellent fellow if he kept off drink. This is true charity, as the result of which Hughes has been sent to hard labour for two weeks instead of two months. We trust he will make an effort to go straight in future.

Cowardly Cyclists.

A Brookwood girl of seventeen ran to two cyclists and appealed for their protection. She pleaded that she was being molested by a drunken ruffian, who was demanding money of her at the knife's point. Beyond asking the thief if he thought such conduct fair, the cyclists took no action, but rode away. Considering the tragic fate that might have befallen the girl, we can only stigmatise the conduct of those men as cowardly and un-British.

More Temper than Mercy.

We cannot congratulate the Bexhill "justices" on making the punishment fit the crime when they sentenced Fred Sudds to fourteen days' hard labour for stealing growing clover and grass, value 2s. 6d. The owner said he would not like Sudds to be sent to prison, and asked that there should be the option of a fine; but the Bench declined to alter its decision. We hope that any thoughtless youths in the Bexhill district with a criminal tendency prompting them to pick grass will think of the Bexhill justices' lack of mercy.

At Last!

The effects of sleepy sickness, experiences during the war in which he had been blinded for eighteen months and suffered from shell shock, were alleged to have rendered Francis Rogers morally irresponsible for his actions when charged with stealing watches and money from a sports pavilion at Wembley. The Wealdstone Bench placed him on probation, holding that his was a medical rather than a criminal case. In this type of treatment, plus enforced medical attention, we think lies the salvation of the majority of police-court criminals.

Two Pictures.

In the dock at Lambeth stood Thomas Spencer, seventy-four, charged with begging. Notes and cash to the value of £312 16s. 6d. were found upon him when arrested. He was fined 5s. Before Mr. Mead, at Marlborough Street, Georgina Hill, sixty-five, was brought up on a similar charge. She was possessed of £27, and received one month's imprisonment. It is a scandal that the sentences of magistrates should vary so widely in different districts, and we contend that all penalties inflicted at police courts should be subject to revision by a higher authority.

Some Remember.

Though a few men forget their birthplace after they grow rich, others remember. Among the latter is Robert Watchorn, a poor boy who emigrated to America many years ago and amassed a fortune. Now, he wishes to perpetuate the memory of his mother, and at Alfreton will expend £30,000 in building a church, school and manse, and a row of eight brick cottages. This one-time miner may be assured that the latter will not be the least part of his gift, nor the least pleasing in the sight of heaven. New cottages are needed.

Happy Family.

In the purchase of Edwinstowe Hall in the heart of Sherwood Forest as a welfare centre for workers associated with their five pits in Notts and Derbyshire, the Bolsover Colliery Company substantiates the claim that it is bringing the human touch into industry. Until recently the house was the centre of Girl Guide, Boy Scout and ambulance men's activities, but now the veteran miners are to have their share in the spending of week-ends under ideal conditions. The spirit that thus seeks to unite employers and employed is one with which the coal industry in particular could bear to see many times repeated.

Good Faith Misplaced.

As a sign "of good faith," a Jersey reader sent £1 to Messrs. Erdmann and Schang, Ltd., of Bedford Road, Balham, in respect of certain pictures. The latter proving unsuitable, our reader returned them with the request for some alternative prints or a refund of his money. That was in April last, and though our reader has written many times the correspondence has been ignored.

Modern Witchcraft.

Affected with cancer, Elizabeth Jane Justey, of Tonteg, after an unsuccessful operation, sickened of doctors and consulted a "spiritual healer." Her sudden death, due to weakness and exhaustion, was the subject of comment by the coroner, who said he hoped that anyone who got into the toils of these "modern witches" would take a lesson. It is infinitely wiser to put your trust in a medical man rather than a charlatan.

Excessive Punishment.

Charles Cullen, master of St. Catherine's Roman Catholic School, West Drayton, evidently believes in thrashing, for when John Thompson admitted to playing truant and refused to hold out his hand, he hit him on the back and raised weals of four and five inches on his body. For this cruel punishment he has been fined £5, with £3 3s. costs. He should realise that there is nothing like indiscriminate corporal punishment for encouraging the obstinate spirit it is intended to cure.

Tipster Trips Up.

Mr. S. Freeman, who traded as "Jack Doyle," of Bear Street, London, W.C., and who describes himself as "the famous Turf adviser," is somewhat free with his tips. Two north country friends, who recently patronised him, were astonished when they each received instructions to "have a good bet and fear nothing" in a certain classic race. Their surprise was due to the fact that "Jack Doyle" very confidently tipped a different horse in each case.

Cinema Catch.

Through The Acme Publicity Service, of West Wear Street, Sunderland, one of our readers arranged for a small advertisement to be exhibited in a cinema, paying a year in advance. After two months, however, the cinema closed down, and though our reader has written constantly to claim a refund in accordance with the terms of his contract, the Acme Publicity Service remains silent. It has now removed from West Wear Street and its present address is uncertain. We fail to see where the service comes in.

Quilliam in Trouble.

Henry Quilliam, the genius of the Direct Fish Supply failure and prime mover in the Bouches-du-Loup investment scheme, whom we have exposed on more than one occasion, has been getting into trouble. At Nice the other day he was sentenced to pay £116 damages and fined 15s., with a suspended sentence of fifteen days' imprisonment. These penalties were inflicted upon Quilliam because he had caused the death of a roadmender, who had been knocked down by his car. Will this experience tend to curb his recklessness?

The Old, Old Tale.

The lure of "£2 weekly, homework" is held out in the advertisements of P. and M. Thomas, of Hindsdale Park, Belfast, and this old bait is followed up by a circular equally reminiscent of "home employment" traditions. There is the assurance of a "genuine opportunity," the usual warning against "catchy schemes," the disclaimer to the effect that the present scheme is not associated with "stocks, shares, betting or gambling," and, finally, of course, the request for a fee to cover "full copyright instructions." It would be interesting to know who holds the original copyright for such propositions.

FIRE FIEND BUSY
"John Bull" to the Rescue!
SEE PAGE 2

Problems of Life

Knowing One Another

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A HIGHLY diverting story is told by Lord Beaverbrook about his first meeting with Arnold Bennett.

The former had a strong desire to know the latter personally instead of merely through the medium of the printed page, so he invited him to lunch.

The Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.

Bennett accepted and came.

"Won't you sit down?" asked the host politely as his distinguished guest walked into the room.

"No," replied Bennett, and, taking a manuscript from his pocket, proceeded to read therefrom a vitriolic denunciation of the great newspaper proprietor and all his works.

"That will appear in the morning papers to-morrow," he concluded calmly.

"Just so," was the response. "Well, won't you sit down now?"

WITHOUT the smallest touch of embarrassment the visitor complied, drew his chair to the table, enjoyed his meal, talked over many things, and at length took his departure.

Here we have straight dealing without a particle of malice on either side, complete frankness conjoined to good humour; friendliness combined with freedom of judgment amounting on the one part to pungent criticism and on the other to unresentful acceptance of the same.

Why cannot we have more of this in our public and private life?

If we disapprove of a person in any particular we generally show it by refusing to associate with him. True, we do this more often in our private affairs than in our public life; but both should be free from it.

One likes to read of Sir Austen Chamberlain crossing over to the front Opposition bench to welcome Mr. Ramsay MacDonald home.

At the marriage of the daughter of Mr. J. H. Thomas the Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George were both present, a delightful manifestation of mutual respect and kindly feeling.

It is not generally known that the late Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone frequently spent their week-ends together when one was head of the Government and the other his chief opponent.

This is a pleasing tradition of British statesmanship, but there are signs that class jealousy is breaking it down.

THE more we know of one another the less there is to fear from one another.

And—yes, I will say it, though one often hears the contrary asserted—the more we see of one another, the less there is to dislike.

If you view a man in a spirit of prejudice you and he are better apart.

But if you really want to understand him you must not keep away from him.

More often than not to know is to love.

PEERESS' BROTHER OUTRAGED

SHAMEFUL SOUTH AFRICAN SCANDAL

A Battle-Scarred Victim

AT the termination of the Great War numerous young Englishmen answered South Africa's call and decided to settle in "the land of glorious sunshine."

They were not idle adventurers out to pick the plums that were nearest to hand, nor did they expect to settle down to an easy existence.

Each was in possession of a capital of at least £2,000, which they were prepared to sink in farms. And they were equally prepared to back their capital with honest, hard work.

Alas! The settlement scheme did not turn out as they had anticipated. A good deal of their capital was quickly spent on a bungalow, horses, sheds and other stock; and though they toiled hard, the first year yielded only a third of what the pamphlets had seemed to promise.

Thinking that this might possibly be attributable to their own inexperience, they set their teeth and carried on, but the end of the second year was equally disappointing.

A sorry story

To cut a sorry story short, most of these hopeful pioneers are now stranded, their capital has been swallowed up completely, and they have been forced to abandon their settlements.

What is the explanation of these unhappy failures?

The truth is that they have encountered almost unbelievable opposition, and in order to appreciate the lack of sympathy accorded to them we cannot do better than follow the experience of one distinguished member of their unhappy band.

The gentleman we have singled out is Captain R. G. H. Pottle, M.C., brother of Viscountess Torrington, and a soldier with a most distinguished record.

War service in France, Nyassaland, North Russia and Mesopotamia earned him no fewer than six decorations, and when, at the conclusion of his arduous services, he decided to settle in South Africa, he risked every penny of his £2,500 gratuity.

Turbulent service

As may be imagined, the call of "the land of glorious sunshine" came as a pleasant balm to one who had been sadly storm-tossed.

For, when Captain Pottle had first gone to France in 1914 his horse had been shot from under him, and he himself was so badly wounded that he lay for eight hours on his dead horse, unable to move.

After a spell in an English hospital, he returned to France once more, and this time the trench in which he was stationed was blown up, and he sustained severe shell-shock.

One more brief sojourn in hospital and Captain Pottle was back at the front, this time to be wounded in the foot. He was also severely gassed.

After this turbulent service he went to Nyassaland, where he contracted malaria and was admitted to hospital again.

Next came North Russia, to be followed by Mesopotamia, and by the end of the war he was so racked by wounds and illness that a northern climate was out of the question.

But, when Captain Pottle came to South Africa with his wife and children to take up fruit farming, he was

Captain R. G. H. Pottle, M.C.

not destined to find his life of suffering crowned with days of ease. His battles were not yet ended.

Resentful hostility

At first hard work was rewarded, and it was not long before he was shipping apples to England by the ton; but from the outset he encountered hostility amongst his Boer neighbours, men of the country, who seemed to resent the presence of an English newcomer.

The resentment was only indicated in small ways at first. Dogs were set on his cattle; gibes and taunts were levied at him, and then, one night, a stone came crashing through his window.

By degrees the friction grew and grew until Captain Pottle had no other course but to write to the police again and again for protection.

This was accorded on certain occasions when a police-sergeant actually slept in his house, but there came an evening when matters reached a tragic climax.

Up to now Captain Pottle had borne much in patience. His crops had been mysteriously fired and veiled threats had been uttered against him.

So, one evening, when half-a-dozen of his hostile neighbours—most of them under the influence of drink—entered his premises and closed in upon his house, he went to meet them with a revolver.

As all his warnings were unheeded, Captain Pottle fired in self-defence, and in the defence of his wife and little ones. One of the marauders, a man named Steyn, fell mortally wounded, and the threatened onslaught was effectively checked.

In the subsequent legal proceedings it was stated on Captain Pottle's behalf that he was surely entitled to take means of defending himself in such critical circumstances.

Stress was also laid upon the fact that the danger Captain Pottle was in was indisputable, as the police themselves had previously recognised it by giving him their protection.

Added suffering

Notwithstanding these emphatic declarations, he was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to three years' imprisonment!

The distressed war hero could scarcely believe his ears on hearing this harsh pronouncement, and his feelings were in no wise soothed when he was later informed in his cell that "it had to be, for political reasons."

In other words, rather than risk the possibility of the dispute developing into a racial controversy, it was decided that the long-suffering Englishman should be made to suffer still further.

After six months, however, thanks to pressure from certain quarters, the release of Captain Pottle was secured. But his farm and capital were lost and his future prospects in South Africa absolutely shattered.

Indeed, it was made a condition of his release that he should leave the country and sign an undertaking not to return for four and a half years!

So, penniless and in disgrace, this harassed hero was forced to make a pathetic home-coming with his wife and family, and even had to depend upon charity in order to secure his return passage.

Distorted rumours

Since his return he has moved heaven and earth in an attempt to secure redress for the moral wrongs he has suffered and tangible compensation for the loss of his farm.

But everywhere his appeals have been met in the same way. People are "very sorry" for him, and "fully sympathise" with him in his plight; but they cannot see their way to do anything for him!

To-day Captain Pottle, M.C., resides with his dear ones in a little hut in Cornwall, for which he pays £1 per month. And now distorted rumours of his past are beginning to circulate in the neighbourhood, where the true explanation of his reduced circumstances is not known.

"We are starving and penniless," he writes, "and without friends in the land that I have helped to save!"

These are bitter words, but no one will say that they are unjustified. Captain Pottle has been subjected to outrageous treatment, and we trust that the publicity here devoted to his cause will be instrumental in moving the proper authorities to investigate the matter fully.

Taxi-Driver's Troubles

Strange Police Action

THROUGH no fault of his own, Mr. Philip Romain, of Brunswick Buildings, Aldgate, has been involved in an unpleasant experience, the effects of which are likely to penalise him for the rest of his life.

Mr. Romain is a taxi-driver by profession, but he is out of work at the present moment owing to the refusal of the police to grant a renewal of his licence. That such a refusal is utterly unmerited should be clear to anyone who considers the circumstances of Mr. Romain's predicament.

Towards the end of last year, when Romain dropped a fare at Regent's Park, the latter asked him to call for him again that evening and drive him to Fulham and back.

Amazing discovery

He duly kept his appointment, and found that his former fare was now accompanied by two other men, who were very smartly dressed.

In accordance with their instructions, he drove the party to the Fulham Palace Road and then to a nearby street, where he was requested to stop. His passengers alighted and walked down the road, returning after an absence of only a few minutes.

The journey was continued for a little way when the trio again stopped the taxi and got out, and while he was waiting several plain clothes police appeared and ordered him to stay where he was.

It was then that Romain learnt to his amazement that his three fares were daring thieves, and he himself was taken with them to a neighbouring police station.

Three times Romain was remanded on bail and ultimately he was brought up at the Newington Sessions and charged with aiding and abetting the thieves whom he had innocently carried as passengers. He was found not guilty and discharged without a stain upon his character.

But there were other aspects of this case which were to prolong the memory of his ordeal in a very terrible way.

At the time of his arrest his wife was an expectant mother, and the shock so preyed upon her that she was taken seriously ill.

Gross injustice

And now comes the refusal to renew his licence, which throws Romain out of work at a time when he needs all the money he can possibly earn.

He has asked for a reason of this refusal, but an answer has been denied him, and the extraordinary thing is that all the time he was remanded on bail Romain was following his calling and the authorities made no effort to suspend his licence.

Now, honourably acquitted in a court of law, he is penalised, and no explanation is offered. Surely such action savours of gross injustice.

GIRL'S SHOCKING ORDEAL

A Scandalous Betrayal

The "Callous Board" Again

THE care of mental deficients—those poor, helpless creatures whose intellect has gone, and who, owing to their unbalanced state, do not always realise what they are doing—is a matter of the highest public importance.

Because of this, a special department of the Home Office was long ago established for the purpose of ensuring that everything humanly possible should be done for the welfare and enlightenment of such hapless individuals.

This special department is called "The Board of Control of Lunacy and Mental Deficiency," and its chairman is Sir Frederick James Willis, K.B.E., C.B.

In addition to Sir Frederick, a number of other eminent people also serve upon the board, including Sir Leolin Forestier-Walker, K.B.E., M.P.; Sir Marriott Cooke, K.B.E., M.B.; S. J. Fraser Macleod, Esq., K.C.; Lt.-Col. B. T. Hodgson, C.M.G., and C. H. Bond, Esq., C.B.E., D.Sc., M.D., F.R.C.P.

Appalling story

From time to time it has been our painful duty to draw the attention of these influential gentlemen to various instances of hardship and injustice affecting their department. In this way we have dealt with many sad cases, but a story has just been brought to our notice which is appalling in its ghastliness.

About six years ago a young Sevenoaks girl, named Eliza Fitch, who had always been very weak-minded, was found to be an expectant mother and was sent to Sevenoaks Poor Law Infirmary, where her child was born.

After this bitter experience, Eliza Fitch grew mentally worse, until she reached a stage when she was utterly beyond the control of her parents.

Their terrible shock may be imagined when, owing to the conduct of another man, it became necessary for her to re-enter the Sevenoaks Poor Law Infirmary, where a second child was born.

Terrible disclosure

Naturally this second ordeal did not tend to improve the girl's mentality, and local action was very rightly taken to remove her from the custody of her parents.

For her own protection and safety, she was duly certified as mentally deficient and transferred permanently to the Sevenoaks Poor Law Institution, so that her future could be properly safeguarded by trained workers.

This desirable action was taken in August, 1923, and for a time the girl remained in safe keeping.

One may naturally suppose that, having had personal knowledge of her two dreadful experiences, the officials of the institution exercised a far stricter control than they might have done in a case which had not been previously before them.

Yet, have they efficiently discharged their trust? If their control was stringent at first it certainly weakened considerably during the last few months, as the following tragic facts will show.

And these facts only came to light a few weeks ago at the inquest on Eliza Fitch, who was destined to die in the institution from an internal complaint.

Just prior to the suffering girl's death, the superintendent nurse had discovered that the poor, mentally deficient child was again an expectant mother, *and had become in such a condition during the time she was under the care of the people who had been appointed especially to look after her!*

Could there be any disclosure more serious or more disquieting than this? Such a monstrous calamity hardly bears thinking about.

The Sevenoaks Poor Law authorities were fully conversant with their charge's weakness, and knew all the details of the two past ordeals which had been undergone within their very portals.

Tragic admission

And yet, in spite of this knowledge, their supervision and care were so lax that, while the girl was being "protected" by them in accordance with a magistrate's order, she was able to fall a victim to some low-down wretch who took advantage of her distorted intelligence!

The coroner, when he elicited these ghastly facts, went fully into the matter and discovered that the culprit was an inmate who, having been discharged, was not available to give evidence!

The superintendent nurse at the infirmary, a lady named Elliott, admitted that there was no separate department there for mental cases; nor were there any locked doors to separate the male inmates from the female!

She knew, she added, in answer to a further question from the coroner, that the inmate's offence was a criminal one.

Sir Frederick James Willis, K.B.E., C.B

The coroner wanted to know whether the full circumstances of this case had been reported to the Board of Control, and an answer was given in the affirmative.

The coroner eventually stated that the information he had obtained in this connection did not come at all spontaneously, and it was not clear as to when or how the board had been informed.

"It occurs to me as a somewhat serious and disquieting fact," he added, "that a girl sent to an institution might become in such a condition when under the care of people specially appointed to look after her."

The Board's duty

It is not only serious and disquieting—it is scandalous. Why, if there was no mental section at the institution, was the girl kept there instead of being sent to one of the many properly equipped institutions which exist?

We hope the Board of Control will investigate the whole matter at once.

BUTTERFIELD'S AMAZING METHODS

STIFF STUFFING AND NONSENSE

SMALL traders in the north of England are complaining very bitterly about the financial affairs of a gentleman named William Henry Butterfield, of Leeds Road, Bradford.

Butterfield, otherwise "W. H. Butterfield and Co.," has been in business for some time as a "stuff merchant."

In view of certain facts we have discovered about him, however, he might have been more appropriately described as a "hot-stuff merchant."

Alarming discovery

Mr. Butterfield owes a large amount of money to numerous creditors and he has just failed for no less than £5,196 in hard cash, which, for a stuff merchant, is surely a bit stiff.

At least, his creditors think so. When they gathered together at Bradford the other day, to see what chances they had of getting anything from the wreck, they discovered that Mr. Butterfield had practically nothing apart from the poorest stuff in the way of excuses to offer them.

What has Butterfield done with their goods? He admits liabilities exceeding the sum of £5,000, but can only satisfactorily account for a small part of this large sum. What has happened to the remaining assets?

Amazing generosity

When Butterfield was in the Bankruptcy Court at Bradford a few days ago he was questioned about these missing assets and was asked some pointed questions about certain extraordinary transactions he had had with people he said he knew only casually.

For instance, he admitted that he lent £2,024 to a man named Frank Hayes Bentham and his wife. According to his story, Bentham and his wife sent him telegrams from Paris and other places asking for money, and he sent cheques in response.

He even went so far as to admit that, after Bentham had served a term of imprisonment for shopbreaking, he lent him £615. What amazing generosity!

Nor was this all. Butterfield also swore that he lent £1,030 to two men named Cooper and Gray, both of whom were also jail-birds. In the short space of six months, indeed, he loaned no less than £2,224.

What strange kindliness to be sure! And with other people's money! But Butterfield made a more significant admission still.

This was that, at the time when creditors were pressing around him for money rightly due to them, *he borrowed* £1,770 *from relatives and lent it to the other people mentioned.*

The creditors who have over £5,000 due to them very properly resent this kind of generosity, and feel that there is something more behind it.

Receiver's doubts

So, apparently, does the Official Receiver of Bradford, Mr. J. Osborne Morris, who complained to the court that Butterfield's answers to questions were not all spontaneous and that the case was most unsatisfactory.

Mr. Osborne Morris went further and stated that he was not sure that Butterfield was not in league with the persons to whom nearly £4,000 was stated to have been lent and had squandered the money.

In any case the position is a strange one, and further investigation is obviously desirable from the creditors' point of view.

A public duty

In the course of the recent proceedings at Bradford, Mr. Butterfield's solicitor made a reference to the Registrar in regard to the Press, and said he hoped they would use discretion in giving certain details.

The Registrar made a prompt and fitting reply. "The Press has a duty to discharge to the public," he said. "I always hesitate to give advice to the Press. They are quite capable of exercising discretion."

In the discretion of JOHN BULL, acting in the interest of the creditors involved in this extraordinary bankruptcy, we think the matter should not be allowed to rest here.

JOHN BULL

NEST OF HUMBUGS

THE GUSHING GUSHERS

Well, Well, Well!

FORTUNE-HUNTERS are readily supplied with tempting schemes. Clever wits are always offering fabulous returns for little outlay. Little effort is needed, however, to detect the hollowness of the offers.

CIRCULARS holding out high hopes of fortunes for all are being widely distributed at the present moment by various share-pushing companies, who have alluring things to say about a concern called the Franco-British Oil Trust, Ltd.

Geo. Brodie & Co. (A. Northcott). of Moorgate, London, E.C., who are self-styled "oil share dealers," declare that they "take pleasure" in enclosing particulars of the oil trust in question.

They desire especially to bring to the public notice the important holding of the Franco-British Oil Trust, Ltd., in Roumania's immense oilfields, where gushing wells have been "brought in" with remarkable frequency by many well-known companies.

Guarded promises

The trust, we are informed, owns some 127 acres of proved oil lands there, with six wells actually in being or in process of sinking. By the end of the first year it "should have" eight producing wells, and this number "should" be doubled at the end of the second year.

Dividends of 25 per cent. and 50 per cent. may therefore "be expected" for each year respectively.

It requires no great intelligence to note the guarded manner in which these points have been put, but, at the same time, the power of suggestion is remarkable.

In the same way the following paragraph of the circular is full of subtle suggestion. Wells upon "immediately adjacent" properties, we are told, produce from 200 to 250 tons daily, and drilling on the trust's holdings "seems" certain to disclose some rich prizes.

But now, after soaring fancy flights, we descend with a bump from the sublime to the ridiculous.

In spite of the trust's valuable holdings and wonderful prospects, the circular issued by Messrs. Geo. Brodie & Co. makes the startling announcement that its 2s. shares are available for any Tom, Dick or Harry at the bargain-basement price of 8½d.!

This philanthropic circular is accompanied by a printed prospectus of the Franco-British Oil Trust, Ltd., which declares that the company was formed "to deal with oil properties and interests in various parts of the world."

Self-denying offer

Some points, however, are not made clear. Actually the trust was formed in 1911 to acquire certain oil concessions in Algeria, but these were ultimately forfeited. Subsequently it acquired properties in Poland.

A balance-sheet submitted only twelve months ago showed £11 18s. 9d. in cash, with sundry creditors for £3,396 8s. 3d. Its present Roumanian activities are therefore optimistic, to say the least!

What, then, is the firm of Geo. Brodie & Co., which is so self-denying as to give away 2s. shares for 8½d. instead of holding on to them and making a fortune without effort?

It is a notorious bucket-shop, with which is associated a gentleman named Grosvenor, who has been disposing of dubious shares in one name or another, and from various addresses, for some years past.

Brigadier-General C. O. Shipley, C.B., a director of the Franco-British Oil Trust, Ltd.

But "Brodie & Co." is not alone in this share-pushing venture. The Franco-British Oil Trust shares are at present being lauded to the skies in a spurious financial pamphlet entitled the *Share Market Review*, which is distributed far and wide without charge.

The amazing philanthropy of the publishers of this pamphlet, who call themselves the New Era Investment Company, will be readily apparent when we state that they are even going one better than Geo. Brodie & Co., and are offering the 2s. oil shares at 7½d. a time!

A spice of speculation

Yet, notwithstanding the palpable insincerity of such an offer, the New Era Investment Co., Ltd., approaches prospective clients in this strain:

"We desire to provide our members with a *trustworthy* [the italics are their own] service of advice and intelligence—not merely through the printed pages of the *Share Market Review*, but by means of confidential correspondence."

Its aim, it declares, is to advise in the matter of investment—"with a spice of speculation, it is true, based upon calculable prospects."

It would, indeed, be a new (and very remarkable) era, if all investment brokers followed the lead of the two philanthropic institutions we have just dealt with.

How would they live? How could they afford to supply the public with reams of costly printed matter, apart from allowing all and sundry to snap up all the best bargain in stocks and shares at sacrifice prices?

How do Geo. Brodie & Co. and the New Era Investment Co., Ltd., contrive to do it? They don't. They make their living by peddling doubtful shares. Their offers are sheer humbug and are not worth a moment's consideration.

A DENTAL SCANDAL

MYSTERY ON MYSTERY

A Policy with Pyorrhea

OFFICIAL decisions often puzzle the lay mind. But there are occasions when common-sense dictates what the decision should be, and that frequently seems to be the more just.

IT would take a great deal to convince most people that black is white, but apparently the august body of men who constitute the Dental Board of the United Kingdom are afflicted with a malignant form of colour blindness.

At least, that is the opinion one is prompted to form after a perusal of the report of the Board's twelfth session, held last month under the chairmanship of Sir Francis Dyke Acland, Bart., at Hallam Street, W.

Don't do it again

Part of the Board's duties included the hearing of certain disciplinary cases, the first of which concerned a dentist named Wishaw, summoned to appear on certain serious charges.

It seemed that Mr. Wishaw had twice been before the law courts at Cardiff on charges of drunkenness. On the first occasion, which was in 1923, he had been found "drunk and incapable" and had been ordered to pay 10s. into the poor-box.

On the second occasion, which was only last year, he had been sentenced to one month in the second division for being "drunk while in charge of a motor-car," with a fine of £5 for "driving in a manner dangerous to the public." His licence was also endorsed.

After deliberating upon these points *in camera*, the Dental Board pronounced its opinion that the delinquent's name should not on this occasion be deleted from the register, but, should any further complaint arise regarding his conduct, it would be "a very serious matter."

Let us leave this case for a moment and turn to another which came up at the same session.

A Tyneside dentist named Magee was arraigned before the Board charged with having canvassed for the purpose of procuring patients.

Four specific instances were quoted against him and the charge was capped with the comment, "You have been guilty of infamous or disgraceful conduct in a professional respect."

Infamous conduct

Once again the Board retired to weigh the *pros* and *cons* of this case, and in due course its decision was communicated to the world. It was to the effect that the dentist's name ought to be erased from the register!

In the eyes of the Dental Board, apparently, to be twice convicted of drunkenness is nothing, but *if* followed by a further complaint, it is "a very serious matter." To canvass for clients, however, is "infamous and disgraceful."

Of course, one may jump to the conclusion that there were certain exceptional aspects in each case; but we hasten to add that this discrepancy is not by any means isolated.

A Brentwood dentist, named Wells, was summoned to appear on the charge "that, being a registered dentist, you abused your position by committing adultery with a married woman, with whom you stood in professional relationship, of which adultery you were found guilty by the decree of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division (Divorce) . . . and in relation thereo you have been guilty of infamous or disgraceful conduct in a professional respect."

The average layman would experience little indecision in a case of this sort, for there can be nothing more scandalous than the abuse of professional privileges in the manner indicated in the above charge.

Turning a blind eye

Yet, unbelievable as it may seem, the Board announced that the facts alleged had "not been proved to its satisfaction," and the case was accordingly dismissed!

In other words, the Board shut its eyes to the fact that the allegations had already been proved to the satisfaction of the highest legal authorities in a court of law, and allowed this man's name to remain upon the register!

Without moralising further upon this extraordinary exhibition of topsy-turvy justice, let us pass on to one final case—that of Mr. Samuel Theodore Hilton, of Worksop, another dentist charged with canvassing for clients.

As in the other case of this nature, four instances were specifically cited and the same dread words, "infamous" and "disgraceful" were pronounced before the Board retired to weigh the miscreant's fate in the balances.

Black is white

By this time you will not be surprised to learn that the verdict was that Mr. Hilton's name ought to be erased from the register; but we doubt very much whether you will share the Board's conviction that black is white.

We should here like to point out that, under the Dental Act of 1921, a dentist whose name has been erased from the Register cannot continue to practise and, therefore, loses his means of livelihood.

It is, therefore, a matter of no little concern to the public that the Dental Board should show more indulgence to dentists who have been guilty of grave civil offences than to others whose only misdemeanour is a breach of professional etiquette.

After all, few people would choose to be treated by a man who was known to be intemperate in preference to a steady dentist just because the latter invited them to recommend him to their friends!

RAFFLES THE SECOND

THE CROOK WITH A CHAUFFEUR

Turner the Trickster

PRAY permit us to introduce you to Mr. Francis Turner, of Holland Park, London, W.—the crook with a chauffeur, the last word in polish, a gentleman of very amiable personality, but a clever, designing crook, nevertheless!

But, just as Mr. Francis Turner is no ordinary crook, his victims are no ordinary victims; they are drawn from the ranks of the best wholesalers in the metropolis, who. as may readily be imagined, are by no means easy to dupe.

The smaller and more easily plucked trader Turner is content to leave to the tender mercies of his less eminent and less successful brothers, the humble pedestrian crooks!

When Mr. Francis Turner embarks upon an exploit his entry is as dramatic as that of a stage celebrity—in fact, "showmanship" is the essence of his success, and, being well dressed and immaculate himself, he sees to it that the stage setting is in keeping with his appearance.

Last words in elegance

Thus a smartly liveried chauffeur invariably drives Francis Turner, Esquire, to the scene of his intended coup in a magnificent saloon car, and, under his employer's orders, the hireling unsuspectingly aids Mr. Turner in his plans.

Leaping smartly from the driving seat, he whips open the door and stands stiffly to attention, with all the pomp and ceremony of a guardsman, whilst his distinguished-looking master steps from his luxurious vehicle with quiet dignity.

Meanwhile, Mr. Francis Turner, with all the dignity in the world, proffers his business card to the first person to greet him, and expresses a desire to conferwith the head salesman.

It is perhaps superfluous to remark that the proffered card is also the last word in elegance. Neatly inscribed upon it are the words "John Turner & Sons, Limited, Victoria Works, Deptford, S.E.," and in the left-hand corner is to be found the impressive name "Francis A. S. Turner."

Letters as a lure

When the head salesman steps forward Mr. Francis Turner's appearance naturally impresses him, and more often than not, the way has already been prepared by a letter on the previous day.

For with deliberate suavity Mr. Francis Turner usually makes a habit of writing to his prospective victims to acquaint them with his impending call.

And, needless to say, the notepaper employed is all in keeping with his suggestion of affluence and stability. His letters are signed "Chief Buyer," and requests that certain goods be set aside in readiness for his inspection when he calls on the following day.

Thus prepared, the head salesman accords Mr. Francis Turner a fitting welcome, and when the latter asks for the goods to be sent to his car, his request is complied with.

Meanwhile, with leisurely air, the "Chief Buyer" tenders a cheque, drawn on the Deptford branch of a well-known bank, at the same time expressing the hope that this will mark the beginning of a long and pleasant business association.

In this calm and deliberate manner Mr. Francis Turner has obtained many consignments of goods, such as umbrellas, shirts, general haberdashery and underwear.

His victims have been wholesale firms in various parts of London, and their sad awakening has not come until the cheque has returned, dishonoured, from the bank.

Mr. Francis Turner does not by any means confine himself to the classes of merchandise already specified. Quite recently he obtained a valuable collection of law books, and all classes of wholesale firms should be on their guard against him.

Mr Turner "listens in"!

Although he is more often than not successful, an occasion is on record when he was foiled. This was when he favoured a Cheapside firm with a visit and happened to encounter a head salesman who did not fling caution to the winds.

Before handing over the goods selected, he passed into his private office and telephoned through to the bank at Deptford. "Send for the police!" was the instant reply, but Mr. Francis Turner had apparently played eavesdropper, for when the salesman darted from his office his visitor had departed!

But Turner has passed many worthless cheques and complaints are reaching the police almost daily.

The address he gives at Holland Park is a false one, and the firm of John Turner & Sons, Ltd., at Deptford, is, in fact, non-existent.

Mr. J. E. Corley, Vice-President of the Investigation of Fraudulent Trading Association, whose attention we draw to this swindler

So far as we have been able to estimate, this polished scoundrel must still have approximately thirty blank cheques in his possession, and so long as he has these it is unlikely that his activities will diminish.

The methods of this engaging crook are very similar to those of a rascal named Silverman, whom we denounced some time ago.

Slippery Silverman

Our article saved many people from being duped, and was instrumental in lodging Silverman in jail. He was sentenced only a week or so ago to four years' penal servitude.

We hope, therefore, that this exclusive exposure of Mr. Francis Turner will be equally effective; that it will prevent him from securing further dupes; and help the police to lay him quickly by the heels.

Gascoigne's Swan Song

A Warning and Its Sequel

A WEEK or two ago we directed attention to the insidious activities of a person named John Butler Gascoigne, who falsely claimed an association with JOHN BULL.

There has now followed a sequel which will be of considerable interest to our readers and serve to point a moral at the same time.

John Butler Gascoigne followed the objectionable practice of addressing street-corner crowds upon suggestive subjects, pretending to be an authority on diseases, white-slave traffic amongst children and murder.

An ominous slip

Having delivered himself of a mixed programme of scandal in this way, it was his habit to declare that he had written a book on such matters which he was retailing at one shilling a time.

People who handed up their shillings, however, did not receive the obnoxious volume on the spot, but were favoured with a printed slip, reading: "Please send me your folio, for which I have paid 1s. I am not a junior."

This slip they were instructed to forward to an address in Bridgewater, but the promised folio never came, and the wily Mr. Gascoigne had meanwhile departed to fresh fields.

A moral

In warning the public against this man, we took particular exception to his practice of lecturing in the open streets to audiences composed largely of children.

But Mr. John Butler Gascoigne did not mend his ways.

In fact, he pursued his evil calling with such vigour that at Barnsley the other day he was haled up before the West Riding magistrates on three distinct charges of having obtained money by false pretences.

"I am thoroughly ashamed of myself," Gascoigne admitted, and the magistrates echoed his sentiments by sentencing him to twelve months' imprisonment.

So the moral for wrongdoers is: Don't ignore JOHN BULL's warnings if you want to keep out of jail.

A Grim Exhibit

Gross Animal Torture

IN JOHN BULL of June 18, we drew attention to the lamentable conditions under which live-stock are carried on our railways, and now a Birmingham salesman has sent us a grim exhibit which would convince the most sceptical that our comments were not exaggerated.

It is part of the ham of a pig, cut off immediately after slaughter, and the outer skin is terribly burned. How was it burned? Let the salesman, head of an old-established business, explain:

"Last Saturday morning," he writes, "I received twenty-nine pigs alive at the cattle station, and they could hardly walk through being so badly burned in transit, on account of the disinfectant used by the railway companies in accordance with the orders of the Board of Agriculture."

A deadly menace

Is this not terrible? It means that the measures taken by the authorities in order to safeguard the health of animals in transit are in themselves a very deadly menace.

We understand that the whole question is under consideration and that an effort is being made to solve the problem, but in the meantime the old regulations apply, and untold suffering is inflicted upon the animals.

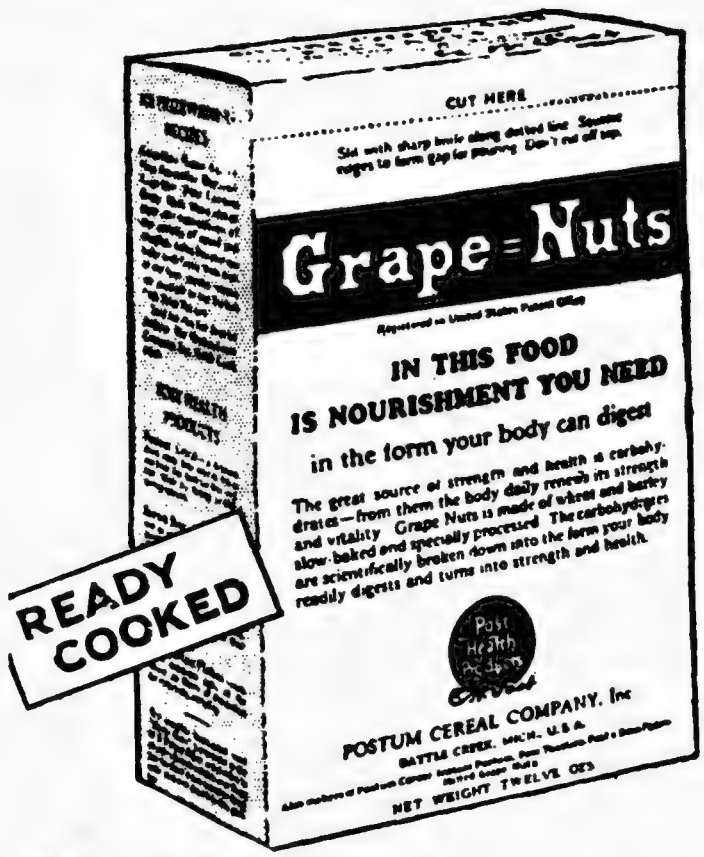
But, apart from the agonies which the animals must endure so long as such conditions prevail, the matter is of considerable concern to the unfortunate dealers.

Lamentable order

The railway companies very naturally refuse to accept any liability for injuries that may be caused to live-stock simply because they have carried out official instructions with regard to the disinfecting of vans.

They are required to disinfect their rolling-stock by an order issued by the Board of Agriculture and they have no option but to comply.

It is a most lamentable state of affairs and we urge the authorities to lose no time in grappling with their problem. Surely, they can devise some means of ensuring the cleanliness of animals in transit that will not involve such unspeakable suffering.


CUT HERE
Grape-Nuts
IN THIS FOOD
IS NOURISHMENT YOU NEED
in the form your body can digest
The great source of strength and health is carbohydrates—from them the body daily renews its strength and vitality. Grape-Nuts is made of wheat and barley slow-baked and specially processed. The carbohydrates are scientifically broken down into the form your body readily digests and turns into strength and health.
POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc
BATTLE CREEK, MICH., U.S.A.
NET WEIGHT TWELVE OZS.
READY COOKED

One *packet of this food means* **12** *nourishing and delicious helpings for* *10½d.

Grape-Nuts helps to keep housekeeping expenses as low as possible without sacrificing any of the nourishing food which is so vital to the man who has real hard work to do. For Grape-Nuts supplies the body with just the healthful, energising nourishment it needs, in a delicious and easily digestible form.

So, instead of the usual egg and bacon, sausage or fish, serve Grape-Nuts for each member of the family's breakfast to-morrow. It will prove to make a deliciously satisfying and nourishing meal. Yet one packet of Grape-Nuts costs only 10½d., and has far greater food value than, say, seven rashers of bacon, which cost about the same.

The family's sure to like Grape-Nuts. It has a delightful crispness and a very tasty nut-like, malt sugar flavour. Buy a packet to-day!

Serve your family every day with Grape-Nuts. REMEMBER GRAPE-NUTS IS PACKED SOLID: THE PACKET CONTAINS ALL FOOD. NOT AIR SPACE AND USELESS PACKING. *Grape-Nuts is protected by a wax-wrapper covering over the carton, which keeps it fresh and crisp.*

TESTED JB

Grape-Nuts

*11d. in Ireland.

More Enjoyment from Smoking

HAVE you ever suffered from a dry parched throat which comes from continuous smoking? Then take a package of Wrigley's and see how cooling and refreshing to the mouth and throat the delicious flavours are. Your whole system is toned up by the use of Wrigley's after every smoke.

For sportsmen the use of Wrigley's is a necessity—it gives that little bit of pleasure which adds to your vim. And at the same time your digestion will benefit by the flow of gastric juices caused by the use of Wrigley's.

It is good for the kiddies, too. Watch how Wrigley's keeps their teeth clean and improves their appetites.

WRIGLEY'S

1p PER 4 PIECE PKT.

EH 10.

"IF this is what they give to the young in schools, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children really ought to intervene." When a distinguished professor can thus write of our present educational system, it is time that our methods were subjected to a drastic overhauling

Gramophones in Trousers

by JOSEPH McCABE *(formerly "Father Antony")*

EIGHTY years ago the Government spent £20,000 a year on education. Now we spend £75,000,000 a year. We have schools second only to those of America. We have as fine a body of teachers as any country in the world, and there is a more progressive spirit in our teachers than in any other body of professional men and women.

But a few pedants dictate what they are to teach, and the consequence is that our education fails in its main purpose, and the children are robbed and tortured.

What is wrong? You can answer that for yourself. How much do you remember, or find it profitable to remember, of four-fifths of the historical and geographical facts you learned at school? Test your own experience, and you will agree with me that you dropped four-fifths of your school knowledge into the dust-bin of oblivion long ago and are none the worse for it.

You may have forgotten these things so thoroughly that it will be well to glance at some of the text-books in use in our schools to-day.

Bewildering memory-traps

First, I take one that is used in teaching children of nine or ten, and it is a model modern manual. But it at once introduces Olaf of Norway, and Gunhild of somewhere else, and various other ancient ruffians who are best forgotten.

In short, before the child is half-way through, he must feel that history is a field strewn with bewildering names and memory-traps, and begin to hate it.

The next text-book is for pupils of the mature age of ten to twelve. You see their white faces bent over their books at night, and you will find that they are learning all about Caradoc, Vortigern, Penda, Oswy, Guthrum, Ethelfleda, Edwy, Brihtnoth, etc., etc., and the Battles of Brunanburh, Ockley, Ethandune, etc., etc.

What, in the name of sanity, does any person except a pedant want to know about these ancient sheiks?

By the time your little girl of thirteen has reached the Wars of the Roses and the Wives of Henry—if she lives so long—she must regard history and geography as like measles and whooping-cough, mysterious painful incidents of the "happy days of childhood."

For the "senior division" I turn rather to a series of examination-papers which have in recent years been actually set to boys and girls of sixteen. In a couple of hours the child has to give a short account, carefully including the wars, of the reign of one king whom it may choose out of seven.

Futile stuff

That may not seem exorbitant, but turn to the text-book from which the child has learned these reigns. I take one in use to-day in London secondary schools, and find that it consists of seven hundred closely printed pages on three hundred years of English history alone!

And when the child has crammed fifty pages of this futile stuff into a page or two, it has, in the same two or three hours, to give an account of four events out of a long list which includes such thrilling and unforgettable things as the Siege of Orleans, the Maid of Norway, Celtic Christianity, the Battle of Shrewsbury, the Six Articles, the Battle of Zutphen, the Statute of Præmunire, Drapier's Letters, the Peace of Wedmore, etc., etc.

It would be bad enough if history were the only subject. In four years a child *might* get through the really excellent scheme of European history which the Incorporated Association of Assistant Masters in Secondary schools has given in its "Memorandum on the Teaching of History"; if there were nothing else to be learned, and if the classes were not overloaded with detail.

Useless knowledge

But this indigestible mass of history is not a fourth of the child's total task. In the same examination he must be prepared to tell the foreign possessions of Spain and Portugal, describe "from source to mouth" (to encourage angling, no doubt!) the course of four large rivers, and name the chief coalfields of Britain and the industries in them.

He must know English literature well enough to give an account, off-hand, of The Dunciad, Christabel, Lycidas, The Shepherd's Calendar, etc., and his general information must be such that he will write an essay on "Inventions of the Future" which would stagger Sir Ernest Rutherford himself.

It is nervous girls of sixteen and seventeen, just feeling the strain of the first years of puberty, who have to bring to the examination-room these vast stores of useless information for the sagacious examiner.

But, proportionately, the system is almost as bad for the pupil in the elementary school. Here is the text-book of geography used by the boys and girls of thirteen who are perspiring over the immortal deeds of Penda and Brihtnoth. It seems that they have also to memorise the exact heights of seventeen mountains in England and Wales. Do you know, or do you want to know, one of them?

Health ruined

They must learn the names of about a hundred British rivers, eighty of which they will never hear mentioned again. They have to know that the Pechara, Mezen, Dal, Umea, Lulea, Tornea, Glommen. . . . You are probably wondering whether these are Brazilian butterflies or Chinese Bolsheviks. You learned at school in your early teens that these are the chief rivers which flow into the Arctic Ocean!

I have travelled over Australia three times, but I know nothing about its capes, gulfs, and rivers; but every little schoolgirl has to know them. She has to learn the names of the chief capes, rivers, gulfs, etc., of every country in the world; and a weird collection of names it is. In other words, four-fifths of the details in this small manual of geography are superfluous.

The great curse of the system is that the mass of stuff cannot possibly be taught in school, and the child is forced to spend a very high proportion of its play-hours writhing over these futilities.

Large numbers of girls have their health ruined by the strain on their rapidly developing frames, and even the average sturdy child, who does not take the system too seriously, is robbed of play and tormented with useless memory-grinding. Home-lessons ought to be forbidden in summer, and should be light in winter, and holiday-reading ought to be very judicious.

The pedant might tell us that, if we want a proper education even for the children of the workers—as we certainly do—this is the necessary price of it. He is quite wrong. This sort of thing is not education at all. It is more like making gramophones of children so that they will squeak out a few hundred facts at the next examination.

Mr. Joseph McCabe, the world-famous writer and lecturer

Cut out four-fifths of the detail, especially in history, geography and English, and you will have time to give the child a patient and thorough education in the one-fifth which really matters.

Pitiful failure

In our present social order, in which the bulk of the children must leave school at fourteen, the chief purpose of education must be to create a mental interest in life and nature so that real study will begin later. From that point of view our costly education is a pitiful and comprehensive failure.

Those who are responsible will plead that the only alternative is to give children a few "vague" general truths. That is not the alternative. It is to cut down the detail to the minimum that is really useful and make sure that the child gets the stimulating general truths of history and science, as far as a child can.

Now, for secondary pupils, we demand also an elementary knowledge of French which would scarcely enable one of them to buy a return-ticket from Paris to Versailles—and not one in a hundred will ever go to Paris—and even a smattering of Latin. The torture increases every decade.

I have recently contracted with an American publisher to put the whole of modern knowledge—science, history, art, literature and even social and mental science—in forty half-dollar books. That represents all that any ordinary person need know, and every ordinary person ought to know.

I could give that to children in their last three years at school, and they would face the world and life and literature in a very different spirit from that of to-day.

What would be known

They would not tell you, as a girl of twenty recently told me, that a "nebula" is a town in Italy. They would not know the isobars of Siberia and the names of the Norwegian fiords; but they would know a fair amount about their own bodies and about the meaning and history of social ideals.

They would not know anything about the navigability of the Guadalquivir or the Battle of Ethandune, but they would know that the story of man and his planet is something more than a dreary tangle of names and dates and barbed wire.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—It will be a great occasion when the World Federation of Education Associations meets at Toronto. It is splendid that at least 150 teachers and others from our own country will be there. These personal contacts with members of other nations dispel misunderstanding and create the wider sympathy and juster appreciation which are the best security for good will and world peace. I am glad to know that your message to the delegates is to this effect.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord EUSTACE PERCY, M.P.,
Minister of Education.

DEAR SIR,—It has long been my view that the raising of the school age in this country would be an economic and social benefit. It would certainly at once solve a considerable portion of the unemployment problem and lessen juvenile misdemeanour and distress. Therefore, I welcome your proposed survey of areas affected and your own professed sympathy with the proposal to raise the school-leaving age immediately to fifteen. I look to you, however, to see that investigation is followed by prompt action. No more pigeonholing.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P.,
Minister of Labour.

DEAR SIR,—A terrible hardship is imposed on many unemployed who cannot get from place to place where they hear of possible work unless they tramp. In Germany unemployed men obliged to accept work at a distance are allowed full travelling expenses; in Austria and Holland, Bulgaria, Czecho-Slovakia, Finland, Canada, Denmark, France, Jugo-Slavia and Sweden, such fares are either paid wholly or in part, while in Australia the fare is advanced to the worker and is recoverable. This country must fall in line and adopt one or other of these systems at once.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE, M.P.,
Air Minister.

DEAR SIR,—You defend the lack of public recognition of the splendid achievements of Lieuts. Carr and Gillman on the grounds that these officers look upon their flights as all in the day's duty, and that the feeling in the Service is against public demonstration. To be logical, then, the nation should never be afforded an opportunity to acclaim a national hero or to cheer its King. Come, sir, think again. It will be a sad day when heroism is allowed to pass unheralded.

JOHN BULL.

To the DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, D.B.E., M.P.,
Under-Secretary of State for Education.

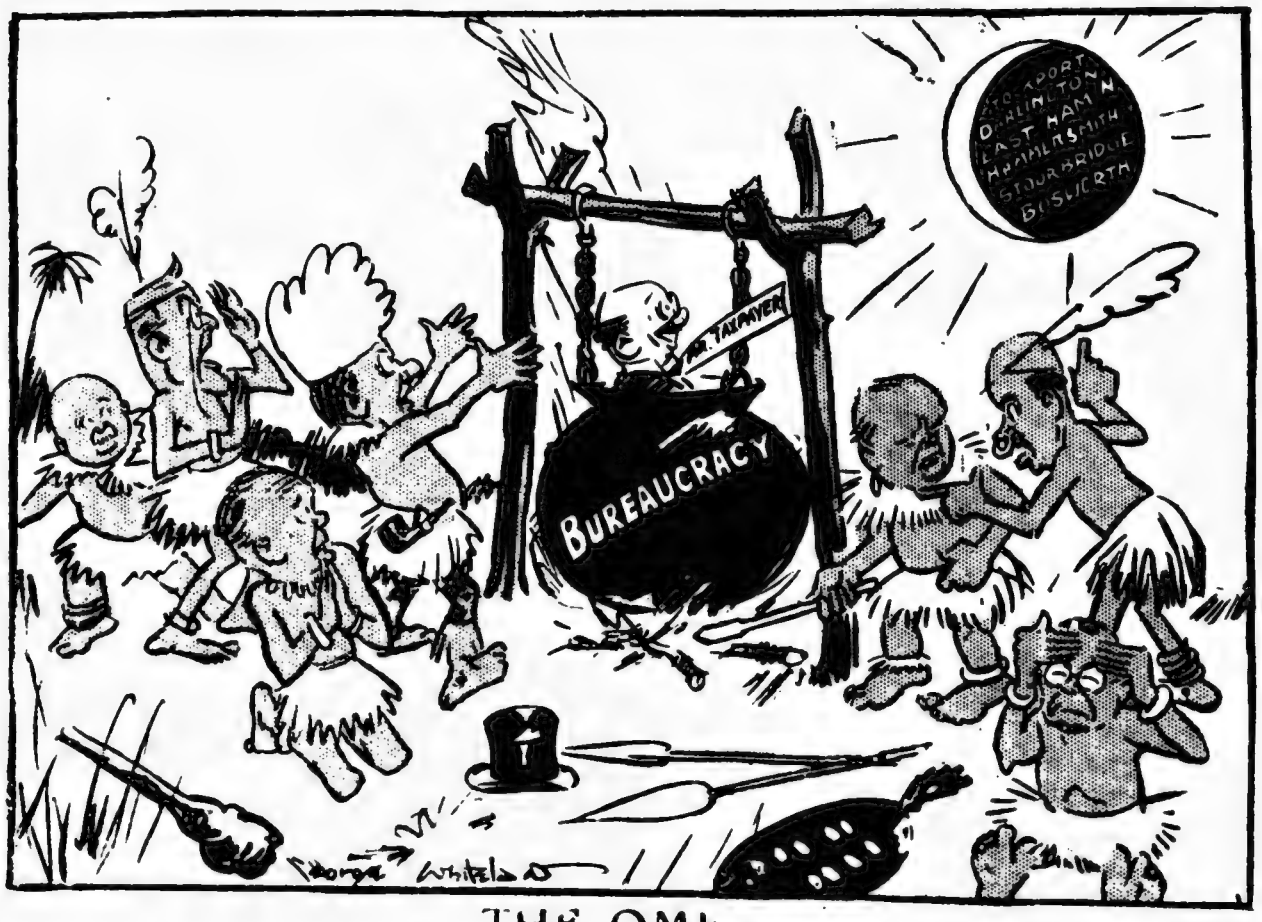
DEAR MADAM,—I warmly welcome your opinion that although valuable machinery to prevent the tragedy of war exists in the League of Nations, the real preventive is better understanding and personal ties formed between the peoples of the different countries. For this, education on sound lines is the great preparation. No money could be better spent than that we lay out on it. The pity is so many still make this expenditure grudgingly, forgetting that they stand to lose all, property, life and civilisation itself, if war again breaks out.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. ARNOLD,
Mayor of Deal.

DEAR SIR,—As chief civic officer, you have striven, during your year of office, to serve your native town faithfully and well. There is, however, a very necessary bit of social reform that has been unaccountably overlooked. Although you have the services of excellent women magistrates and women jurors, and all too frequently must deal with women prisoners, there is no special retiring-room or accommodation provided for their convenience. I feel sure the necessity and decency of such provision only needs to be pointed out for you to set it right. We have advanced too far in our ideas of judicial humanity for this sort of thing to be permitted.

JOHN BULL.



THE OMEN

To Mr. HAY HALKETT,
Marylebone Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—Your testimony that a man charged before you with theft and conversion had done excellent work in your own garden, and that his continued wrongdoing was probably the direct result of harsh judicial treatment in his earlier days, proves you to have a generous and understanding mind. Had we more magistrates of your stamp we should be plagued with fewer criminals.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. BEN OWEN,
Congregational Minister, Carnarvonshire.

REV. SIR,—At your annual Church Conference you moved a resolution that "war is completely foreign to and a complete negation of the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ." Not content with this, it was urged that all religious bodies should take a militant attitude in this vital matter. Attack is the best defence even in the cause of peace, and I write this to hearten you.

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor A. W. HICKSON,
Folkestone.

DEAR SIR,—I must confess I feel a certain sympathy towards your protest against the proposal to spend £170 on luncheon and tea on the occasion of Prince Henry's coming visit, as you were urged thereto because of the poverty of the people in certain wards. I would remind you, however, that the members of the Royal Family are the last to wish for ceremonial display, and the Prince of Wales has repeatedly requested that it should be dispensed with whenever possible. They understand and commiserate.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. LEO CHIOZZA MONEY,
Bishop's Avenue, East Finchley.

DEAR SIR,—In order to prevent the Protection of Dogs Bill from becoming law, certain leaders of the medical profession are seeking to make the public believe that dogs are essential for research purposes. You do well to point out that dogs are not necessary, that they are not more nearly like the human in anatomy than other animals, but that they are used simply and solely because they are cheap and "tractable." That last word speaks volumes.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE,
Carlyle Square, Chelsea, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—The enthusiastic ovation awarded you at the Champs Elysées Theatre, Paris, where you repeated your magnificent performance of "Joan of Arc" in Bernard Shaw's play of that name, encourages me to believe that the time has passed when a British artist found it essential to assume a foreign name in order to achieve European recognition. You need fear comparison with none, of whatever nationality, and I congratulate you on having forced a recognition of this fact.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. GUINNESS:—"Agriculture is not merely a business."

That's lucky, since this country has apparently forgotten how to treat it as a business.

* * *

MR. H. DONALD HOPE:—"A prosperous country inevitably attracts competitors."

And welcomes them, unless its prosperity is standing on sandy foundations.

* * *

MR. FRANK HODGES:—"As long as the present leaders are there the lot of the miners will not improve."

Include leaders on both sides and all common-sense men will agree.

* * *

SIR PHILIP GIBBS: "Where shall we find truth if the novelists give up working?"

Without fear or favour, as before, in these pages.

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

THE DAYLIGHT BANDITS

A GARGANTUAN SWINDLE

We'll Get Them Yet!

THE Industrial Assurance Commissioner has just published his annual report of the workings of Industrial Assurance Companies and Societies for 1926.

The figures quoted in this report for new business show enormous progress in the industrial assurance world. No doubt we shall soon see many glowing comments in the insurance Press as to the progress of the companies and societies, despite the repeated exposures in JOHN BULL.

We have never come across in any Government Blue-Book the sort of thing that has been done in this instance.

The figures quoted for new business do not relate to 1926 at all. They are the figures for 1925. On what grounds and by what right the Industrial Assurance Commissioner includes 1925 figures in a report dealing with 1926 we are utterly at a loss to understand; for, so far from new business having increased enormously, the truth is that the number of policies issued during 1926 was upwards of one million fewer than in 1925.

It is bad enough that the industrial assurance companies spend their time in misleading the public. It is beyond all rhyme or reason when an official publication issued from His Majesty's Stationery Office is equally misleading.

THE figures in the report that relate to the companies' income and payments made to policy-holders are also for 1925, and their import is staggering.

The total income of the companies and societies was upwards of £55,000,000, in return for which the deluded policy-holders received a total payment of £16,800,000 only.

The companies and societies, therefore, had left in their hands no less a sum than £38,000,000 after they had paid every claim for which they admitted liability.

The sum divided among the shareholders and staffs was £20,300,000, and even this huge sum excludes income-tax on the payments to shareholders, a sum in itself amounting to approximately half a million.

The shareholders and staffs therefore divided amongst themselves no less a sum than £3,000,000 over and above the amount returned to the policy-holders; and out of the £55,000,000 extracted from the poor of this country under the spurious guise of thrift a few hundred people amassed fortunes and declared dividends far in excess of anything that could be called reasonable profit.

The companies can for the moment be left to the uneasy contemplation of their own consciences. We are more concerned just now with the Industrial Assurance Commissioner's office itself.

For in 1926 we find that the total number of disputes referred to this office was only 526, although there are over 70,000,000 industrial assurance policies in force in this country.

LEST anyone should think that this is the measure of the discontent that exists among policy-holders, let us say that the complaints which have reached this office during the past year are at least forty times greater than the cases placed before the Commissioner.

Why the disparity? Simply because the people have little knowledge of the office of the Industrial Assurance Commissioner, and still less knowledge and ability to place their own cases before the authorities.

If the Government had a spark of consideration for the helpless millions who are daily being fleeced by these heartless companies it would set up a department immediately to see that people who have just claims are assisted in every possible way to enforce them.

It is a crying scandal that it should be left to JOHN BULL to fight these battles for the widow, the aged and the orphan.

If ever there was a clear duty before the House of Commons it is to see that the savings of the people are properly protected, and that no longer shall these companies and societies be allowed to amass enormous wealth out of the miseries and misfortunes of the poor, nor to retain in their possession millions of pounds which belong, and belong rightly, to the policy-holders.

Mr. George Stuart Robertson, K.C., F.S.A., Industrial Assurance Commissioner

A LOCARNO OF YOUTH

THE DAWN OF HOPE

THE most significant happening in the history of recent years has passed with singularly little comment in the Press. Whether or not the Churches have driven home the lesson of the event must be left in doubt. Neither in the form of letters, nor other publicity, have their comments been broadcast.

It is indeed strange that a veritable Locarno of Youth has come and gone, with so little acknowledgment of its tremendous significance.

For twelve consecutive hours the Youth of twenty-five nations joined at the Crystal Palace in a great Festival of Peace. They came from Hungary and Greece, from Germany and far-away Siam; from Norway, America, and distant New Zealand.

There was colour and there was beauty and skill. Two thousand five hundred young people, glowing with health and strength, competed for supremacy in games.

There were international entertainments. Classical dances, folk songs and languages from lands that hitherto had meant, to the majority, nothing more than tiresome names in geography, or newspaper reports, glowed into vital and living things.

It is a pity that the mile-long procession which marched with flying banners across that ground could not be seen passing through the streets in every town.

For it is significant of a big thing. The songs that rose in unison from the massed choir of five thousand young throats were more than music. They were a plea.

These young people, gathered together by the League of Nations Union from the four quarters of the globe, are at once an indictment of modern war and a portent of a new and better civilisation.

Children are not born with racial antagonisms, national distrusts and insular prejudices. These things are gradually inculcated as they arrive, in a world bristling with bayonets, armed to the teeth, always standing on the snarl, looking round for the next foe to attack.

The shadow of the war-god is thrown over the cradle and deepens as the babe grows up. That is civilisation's supreme wickedness, the sin against the Holy Ghost.

But now that Youth itself revolts, there is hope. The intelligence which the adult mind degrades by devising ever more terrific and diabolical machinery of death, Youth is turning to nobler ends.

SPEAK UP!

It's Your Money

IN the welter of acrimony in which the life of the present Parliament is slipping away, anything and everything is snarled and snapped over except the one thing that matters to the man in the street.

Nobody seems to think it worth while even to mention the word "economy" within the sacred precincts of Westminster. Yet in all conscience the matter is serious to the point of tragedy.

The man to whom the expenditure of sixpence is a serious affair might do well to ponder that even in the minute it takes him to read these words the Government has spent the sum of £1,600.

Let him ponder the staggering fact that every second, day and night, the Government spends £26 13s.

How long would it take any of those who are reading these words to earn £1,600, let alone save it intact? When you have thought over it, think once again of the fact that £1,600 is the amount spent by the Government every minute, day and night.

If this colossal expenditure was all being utilised in order to make a better country, a healthier nation, and an atmosphere of national and international good-will, we should all no doubt pay our taxes with as good a grace as we could muster.

If we grumble at paying these taxes merely in order to see our hard-earned money thrown away on things which are calculated to do the very reverse of this, it is not a matter for great wonderment.

It is no real marvel, however, that the representatives of the people at Westminster think so little of economy when the people whom they claim to represent think even less.

No Member of Parliament could remain silent if his constituents in their thousands ordered him to speak, and keep on speaking. Economy, after all, is in the hands of the electorate. If it wants it, it can get it.

Hands Off the Throne!

by A. G. GARDINER

THE electorate will never consent to be under the heel of a little oligarchy of 350 men whom it does not elect, whom it cannot depose, over whom it exercises no control, and who always represent in overwhelming predominance the interests of only one class

The Rt. Hon. Viscount Cave, G.C.M.G., Lord Chancellor, who outlined the Government's proposals for the reform of the House of Lords

IN her new book, "Lay Sermons," Lady Oxford says Mr. Baldwin's peculiar virtue is "a fundamental humility." That is true. I wish it were not quite so true, for though I have a great respect for humility I do not think a Prime Minister ought to be too humble. He ought to be sure of himself, and when he is sure he ought to be strong. He ought not to be the plaything of subordinates who are anything but humble.

That, unfortunately, is what Mr. Baldwin has become. He does not lead. He is shoved from behind. And he is shoved into courses contrary to the reasonable and wise intuitions of his own mind and sympathies.

He came into office praying for "Peace in our time," but he has done nothing to fulfil his prayer because he never has his own way, and Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Churchill and Sir William Joynson-Hicks always have theirs.

The thorn in the flesh

That is what happened in the miserable coal dispute, that is what happened in the Trade Disputes Bill, and that is what is happening about the House of Lords.

There are many subjects about which the public mind is concerned, but the House of Lords is not one of them. Since the Parliament Act was passed fifteen years ago, the public mind has been at peace about the House of Lords.

Up to the passing of the Act the House of Lords had been a terrible thorn in the flesh. We were nominally a self-governing people. We elected a House of Commons and through the House of Commons an executive called the Cabinet, on whose advice the King acted. If we did not like the goings-on of the House of Commons we, in due course, elected another.

Sometimes we had a Tory Government and sometimes we had a Liberal Government, and in this way we got a fair compromise between those who wanted to stand still for ever and those who wanted to make the pace a little too hot.

An impossible power

But into the working of this admirable system, the House of Lords came like a "jam." It was not elected by anyone and it could not be rejected by anyone. It represented one class only, the wealthy—that is, the smallest class in the community.

Yet this unrepresentative Chamber had the power of vetoing the decision of the House of Commons which the whole nation had elected at the polls. Forty million people might say "Yes," and 600 estimable gentlemen, mostly old, could say "No," and the "Noes" had it. The fact made self-government a joke.

For a century we staggered along under this incubus. Then it could be borne no longer. The Parliament Act was passed and the veto of the House of Lords was lifted. We were at last a truly self-governing people.

No change was made in the constitution of the House. It still remained hereditary and unelected. It still retained the power of discussing legislation and *delaying* legislation. It could turn down a Bill twice, but it could not turn it down a third time—it could not veto it finally.

That is where the matter stands to-day. That is where I hope it will continue to stand. There are those who would like to see the House of Lords abolished altogether and single Chamber government adopted. There is a strong case for that course, but for my part I think the case for a *delaying* Chamber is stronger.

Thin disguise

And for the purposes of a delaying Chamber the present House of Lords serves very well. There are those who want to see the House of Lords elected like the Commons, but on a different basis. There is a case for that too, though the argument against having two elected Chambers competing with each other and antagonising each other seems overwhelming.

But there is no case, except a Party case, for the measure which the Government has introduced. It diminishes the House of Lords to a membership of 350, and waters down the hereditary element by the introduction of nominated members.

But the principle of popular election is to have no place in its constitution. The Chamber is still to be a Chamber with which the electorate has no more to do than it has to do with the administration of the solar system.

This would not matter much if the powers of the House were to remain unchanged, if its sole functions were to initiate, revise, consider and delay legislation.

But that is not the case. Under the disguise of modernising and strengthening the House, the plain purpose of the Bill is to undermine the Parliament Act, to make the House more powerful than it ever was, and to place it for ever above the challenge of King, Commons and the nation.

Pass this Bill into law and nothing is more certain than that it will be followed, at the first opportunity provided by a stampede election, by an attempt to repeal the Parliament Act and to restore to the unelected Chamber all and more than all its lost powers of veto.

Not peace, but war

The present Bill is only a preliminary for that *coup*. Lord Birkenhead made no pretence of concealing that it is the destruction of the Parliament Act which is in view.

Why was this step necessary? It was necessary because, as the House of Lords stands at present, it is subject to the veto of the King, acting as the instrument of representative government. It passed the Parliament Act because if it had not done so the King, acting constitutionally on the advice of his Ministers, would have created enough peers to overwhelm the opposition.

The new Bill takes away that constitutional power from the King. It provides that the constitution of the House can only be changed by the House itself. It destroys the one weapon of popular control which made the passing of the Parliament Act possible and it will make the House absolute master of this country if and when that Act is repealed.

If this Bill passes it means, not "Peace in our time," but war. It is an attack on the very foundations of self-government. It is an attempt to substitute government by a class for government of ourselves.

If the revolution succeeds in all it has in view, the answer, and the only answer possible, will be a counter-revolution. We are a free people. We have a free Parliament. We shall at all costs remain the one and keep the other.

Fakers of

Laws that bear unjustly on one section of the community are unworthy of Britain. Yet they are allowed to remain!

MADAME ZANCIG, the "thought-reader," who many of the people who crowded to her performances really believed had the gift of second sight, once said that she was amazed and troubled by the number of women who attended in order to ask the one question, "Can you tell me where my husband is?"

Mr. A. F. Holt

At one performance over one hundred women put that sadly revealing question, and the same thing happened wherever she went—*in England*. Not in Scotland, because ever since the fifteenth century Scottish wives have been able to secure divorces on the ground of desertion alone.

Nor in America, for, said Madame, "I think that there are more deserted wives to the square mile in England than in all the United States. *There is something wrong with your laws when you allow things like that to happen.*"

I am reminded of that by a letter I have received from a woman reader whose husband deserted her eight years ago. "Why can't we get free after we have been deserted for over three years?" she asks. "It is long enough to keep a woman tied to a bad man who doesn't want her and to prevent her marrying a good man who does want her."

This correspondent doesn't know where her husband is. If she, when deserted, had sought relief from the guardians the police would have sought for the husband—for the sake of the rates. As she chose to earn her own living in service, the job of finding the deserter devolves upon her, which is absurdly unfair.

THE whole subject of marital separation teems with anomalies and tragedies. To see another angle of it, one only need pay a visit to the maintenance office of the police-court of any large city.

There, on one day in the week, one may see husbands against whom maintenance orders have been made paying over the table to a row of

Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum !

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

"THERE is nothing more terrifying than a mad sheep," said Mr. Gladstone on one occasion. Whilst nothing is more unlikely than a revolution in this country, politicians should never forget that even the sanest man can be pinpricked off his mental balance

IT must be a great trial to Mr. James Maxton, M.P., that no one takes him seriously. He does his best to make our flesh creep. It must be very trying when he sees that our flesh refuses to creep at his behest.

"Repeated reductions of wages," he said at a recent meeting of the Independent Labour Party, "in conjunction with the Trade Unions Bill, which destroys the united constitutional strike, will not lead to industrial peace, but to revolution, and the sooner it comes the better for everyone. Better some months of turmoil than a century of degradation."

Fine! Lenin never said anything better than that.

The trouble is that whoever reads such rubbish merely smiles tolerantly and says: "Oh, that's only Jimmy Maxton at it again!" It must indeed be a very trying life for a would-be revolutionary.

Mr. Maxton can no more frighten us with talks of this sort than the Bolshevists could, because even the very people to whom Mr. Maxton addressed these fiery and foaming words know perfectly well that there is no concerted movement to reduce wages, any more than there is any deliberate move being made to take away from the workers the right to constitutional strikes.

What breeds revolution

Nobody can look round him to-day and believe that the alternatives before the country are "months of turmoil" or "a century of degradation."

Mr. Maxton is talking the veriest hot air, and he knows it.

It is not the overt act that breeds revolution or even that state of discontent which makes the mob the ready prey of the firebrand.

It is the constant pinprick, the irritating friction of unnecessary red tape, and the constant undercurrent of stupid injustice that gradually creates a condition of mind in which anything is possible.

The other day a man wrote to a London newspaper and detailed his experiences at an employment exchange. His letter is worth quoting, because, fantastic though it seems, this is the sort of thing that is harrying the unemployed into a condition bordering on despairing frenzy.

The soulless machine

"When I became unemployed," he says, "I reported at Snow Hill Employment Exchange, and was told to sign on in the mornings at 9.30. This I did for a week.

"On the Wednesday of the second week I received letters in reply to applications I had made, asking me to call on two firms, one at 10 o'clock and the other at 2.30 p.m.

"As it was impossible for me to go to Snow Hill so near the time of the first appointment, I did not call until 11 o'clock. In the meantime *I had got the job.*

"Although I then explained the reason for being late I was told to get a form signed by two householders, personally known to me, to the effect that I had been '*diligently seeking work*,' and when I remonstrated and pointed out that I had already obtained employment after being out only ten days, was told not to try and teach the Civil Service its duties!

"In disgust I tore up my card at the counter and walked away. Consequently I received no money.

"Had I reported each morning as requested, without making any attempt to obtain employment, I should have been paid the dole without question for weeks.

"Fortunately I am now in receipt of a salary of £350 a year, which saves me from further interference from the 'bureaucrats.'"

This is the sort of thing that, multiplied a million times, is searing itself into the souls of countless men and women in this country. They feel themselves in the grip of a soulless machine, and it is when men and women feel this that they are apt to take up the first hammer that comes to

Mr. James Maxton, M.P., Chairman of the Independent Labour Party

their hand and endeavour to smash the machine to atoms.

It is not Trade Union Bills that cause nation-wide discontent; it is lack of food, lack of clothing, and lack of houses. It is lack of the very decencies of life that turns men from amiable human beings into savage and resentful revolutionaries.

Too many "isms"

I am not suggesting that anyone in England—not even Mr. Maxton—either wants a revolution or seriously believes that such a thing is within the bounds of possibility.

What I am suggesting is that unless politicians and religious leaders and all who can exercise any influence on our national life wake up and realise that men are more than mere pawns in a political game, we shall never emerge from the stage of snarling and snapping at each other into a period of co-operative progress without which there can never be any real return to prosperity.

I think we all talk a great deal too much about Conservatism, Liberalism, Socialism and Bolshevism, and far too little about Christianity. Even the Church, which should have something positive to offer to the community, is far too much concerned with party quarrels and internal dissension.

It is no good for a parson here and a parson there to have the courage of his creed and hit out boldly and courageously against things which he sees sapping the vitality of the nation.

It is the Church as a united body that should be in the forefront of every battle that is fought for progress. The weakness of the Church is the strength of Bolshevism and of all the bastard political creeds that chase along so futilely in its wake.

A prayer for Parliament

If the Church really did hit out there would be precious little for a politician of any Party to do.

The other day the head of a big University in America was invited to deliver a speech in the Senate of an American State. He began by offering a prayer, which he said was fit for a Parliament:

"Almighty God, Lord of all Governments, save us from thinking too much about the vote of majorities when we should be thinking about the virtue of measures. Save us from indulging in catchwords when we should be searching for facts; and save us from thinking about the next election when we should be thinking about the next generation."

If the spirit of that prayer was followed both by Church and State, Mr. Maxton would be even more futile than he is.

# of Divorce

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

clerks the amounts of the various orders. The next day one may see their unhappy halves attending to draw the amounts due to them.

ONE cannot visit a maintenance office without being profoundly impressed by the pity of it all. Watch the men walk in. One doesn't see any of the *debris* of broken homes on them. They don't seem to feel the position much, although some of them make it clear that they grudge the money.

But watch the women—the pitiful procession of dreamers of shattered dreams. There one sees *tragedy!* Most of the cases of official and unofficial separation are due to desertion by the men, and it is time that the English wife was granted the privilege her Scottish sister enjoys.

If English women enjoyed a privilege denied to Scotswomen such a dust would be raised that the matter would be quickly adjusted. The English people, however, are the last people to be considered by English politicians. That is our own fault.

If all in favour of making desertion a ground for divorce would set about creating a draught in the direction of the politicians *such as the people of Scotland would create were the positions reversed,* the politicians would fear for their seats and would stop the draught by granting the demand.

The inequality is not merely a scandal. It is a crime. It bars happiness. It creates immorality. Yet the strongest defenders of the inequality are the servants of a Church that stands for morality if it stands for anything at all.

It doesn't affect the rich. They can afford to fake their divorces. Has not a well-known M.P. openly told how he connived at deception in order that his wife might get a divorce?

It does affect the women who will not stoop to deception or who cannot afford the price of it.

HERE is a woman of twenty-six, deserted four years ago. She is a school teacher able to support herself, but that is not enough. An old friend wishes to marry her. She wishes to marry him.

It is impossible for a woman of her type to dispense with the marriage service. She longs for happiness. Were she a Scotswoman it would be hers. Is it right that she should be denied freedom just because she lives in England? Is it just that she should be condemned to look forward to a half-life of loneliness, she who is in love with life? Why should women's lives be wasted so?

The Joy of Life

After one week's "little daily dose"

And no wonder! Of course there's joy in every family whose Mother is really feeling just as healthy and happy as it's humanly possible to feel. Of course, she's the greatest pal in the world to all youngsters.

It's that "Kruschen Feeling" again: she says as much herself. It is Kruschen, her letter says, that brought back her health and her happiness.

Read her own words:

"Reading so many advertisements about your Kruschen Salts I decided to get a trial bottle for my husband and myself, and after taking the specified dose—'as much as will cover a sixpence every morning'—must say we certainly got 'That Kruschen feeling' after using for about one week.

"I am a mother of four children, and often found myself under a nervous strain, but since taking Kruschen Salts, I feel as though I can do twice the work without any strain at all."

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day.

A 1/9 bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as much as will lie on a sixpence," taken in the breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. Start to-morrow.

Sole Manufacturers: E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Ltd., 68, Deansgate Arcade, MANCHESTER.

SHIPLOADS OF "IFS"!

by Captain G. C. C. HENDERSON

MILLIONS are being spent every year on unemployment relief, with but little benefit to anyone. Yet works that have been definitely advised are not even started. There will be a rude awakening soon. But will it then be too late?

VERY unobtrusively has come the announcement that the Government has appointed a Standing Committee to review the methods of coal transport to our ports and markets and devise means of greater economy and efficiency.

The Coal Commission expressly recommended the appointment of a "Standing Committee on Mineral Transport" to enquire into coal transport and into the question of coal transport by canal, so the Government has at last moved.

Given a definite national transport policy, we could undertake improvements long overdue with vast benefit to trade and employment.

Unemployment is our most terrible social evil to-day, the more so as it seems to have faded from the minds of most of our political, social and industrial leaders.

Millions wasted

In 1923 it appeared that the country really intended to have unemployment properly handled.

Industry, whose voice in these matters is essential, spoke to Mr. Baldwin in plain terms through the Industrial Group in the House of Commons, urging the adoption of sound public utility schemes, such as electrification, canal improvement, docks, etc.

The moment was opportune, but alas! the demonstration was never followed up, and industry promptly went to sleep again. In 1923 unemployment had already cost us £300,000,000 with almost nothing to show for it, and the Council of Empire Industries has recently reminded Mr. Baldwin that it is still costing us nearly £100,000,000 a year.

Though we have spent about £600,000,000 on the workless, we still have about 300,000 more unemployed than France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Holland, Belgium, Hungary, Denmark, Switzerland and the Irish Free State added together.

What can we show for our 600 millions? Where are the improved public facilities, such as telephones, power stations, canals, docks and such like?

A practical idea

In 1923, in calling for "scientific relief schemes" to provide work, I defined them as "undertakings having a *permanent effect* on the largest possible number of industries, or designed to affect a particular industry or group of industries, worked so far as possible by private enterprise and giving the taxpayer some definite return or tangible benefit for the outlay."

I then dealt exhaustively with canal improvement as ideal in every respect, and I make no apology for again returning to the subject.

In 1904, sixty-one Chambers of Commerce and the Mansion House Association on Railway and Canal Traffic adopted drastic resolutions in favour of transferring the canals to a National Trust under Government supervision.

The Royal Canal Commission of 1906 called for a "National Waterways Board" and the remodelling of the main canal routes connecting

Capt G. C. C. Henderson

London with Liverpool and Hull with Gloucester, about 700 miles in all.

Then came the war, in which, as Mr. Lloyd George said, we were fighting the canals of Germany, but luckily the fine French waterways helped us:

Competitors' example

To-day the war of world competition finds us fighting the well-found canals of the entire Continent.

Even in 1904 it cost 6s. 8d. per ton to rail coal from the Midlands to London. On the Continent, by steam canal barge, coal was then going an equal distance for 3s. per ton, a 100 per cent. advantage over this country.

Our competitors have continued to canalise their rivers, to cut new canals and improve old ones, caring not a snap about the cost or the geographical difficulties.

France alone has spent around £150,000,000 in this way. Their transport services are now national assets of the highest economic value.

We, on the other hand, have been content to remain stuck in the mud; indeed, I sometimes wonder if even half a dozen British Members of Parliament have seen a modern canal, or if one in a thousand elementary school children could write a tolerably intelligent essay on our waterways, once the glory of England.

"All this is really very sad," we may say, "but what has it to do with unemployment?" It means that to-day "muddling through" spells commercial suicide and that we must quickly decide whether we will let unemployment break us or make us.

The heavily burdened ship of State is off her course and the rocks are ahead. The captain seems to have gone below for a smoke, passengers and crew are shouting, "What are we to do?"

The answer is, "Get the skipper on the bridge, jettison that deck cargo of gentlemen who are 'personally but not politically' in favour of this or that, and pipe all hands to work."

We must spend the next £600,000,000 on the complete remodelling of our commercial facilities and get abreast of our trade rivals.

Brains needed

Some wiseacre once remarked, "When in doubt as to how best to spend public money concentrate on transport." Well, if we begin with transport, the modernising of the above main canal route would employ around 100,000 men for three years.

But we must make up our minds to this: No relief except for services on public utility work of definite commercial value. Nowt for nowt except to the women, the aged and the medically unfit.

Can it be done? Yes, if the will and the brains are there.

The Trade Facilities Acts, which have financed a good deal of work of sorts, but at the best only prevented a very great increase of unemployment, are shortly to lapse, but the workless remain, a source of joy and recruits to Communism.

We can continue to swallow optimistic prophecies about the coming trade revival, which, however, depends on a shipload of "ifs," to live on feeble babbling of what could be done if "our workers would only work," if wicked Mr. Cook had never been born, if "ca' canny" went and Tariff Reform came, if our operatives would be content with coolies' wages and employers did without dividends, and so on.

Fictitious picture

Not one single job of work will it create, not a drop of oil for the wheels of commerce.

Throughout six long years of acute unemployment the country has been told again and again that trade was going to revive. People did not realise that what the prophets really meant, but did not explain, was that business would be easier, that full time would replace short time here and there, and that in due course some couple of hundred thousand more hands or so would be absorbed.

To-day we have just 100,000 more unemployed than we had four years ago. Without some great national effort to deal with this frightful scourge, an effort which only the Government can initiate, what earthly prospects are there for the great bulk of the workless?

Sooner or later Mr. Baldwin must face the country. Will the electors then say to him, "They shall perish but thou shalt endure"?

A NOBLE CALLING ABUSED

GROSS ADVERTISING SCANDAL

The Painted Nurse

THE self-imposed restrictions against advertising by members of the medical, dental, nursing and other professions have not been made without reason. They operate as much for the protection of the public against quackery and fraud as they do to preserve the integrity of the professions.

This being so, all advertisements under the heading "Medical" attract unusual attention.

It is difficult to understand why manicurists, chiropodists, masseurs and proprietors of baths should be allowed to advertise under this heading, as they usually do, although the preference of these advertisers for the professional stamp afforded by the word "medical" is easily understood.

Cryptic announcements

There is another class of advertisement appearing daily under this suggestive head, which calls for more than passing comment. These announcements commence with the words, "Nurse desires engagement." Sometimes the terms "lady-nurse" or "nurse-companion" are used.

Nothing follows this cryptic sentence beyond the address, which is given in such detail as to make it easy to find.

Questions naturally arise in the minds of readers as to why "lady nurses" or "nurse-companions" do not advertise in the "Situations Wanted" column and why nurses advertising under a "Medical" heading do not furnish some further particulars of their qualifications and the specific work they seek.

When also the same advertisements appear two or three times a week, month after month, in the same newspaper, it becomes obvious that the advertisers must find it profitable to continue insertion.

What are the engagements they obtain? In consequence of complaints and allegations received from provincial readers, we have investigated a number of these advertisements which appear regularly in a London daily newspaper. *In no case has a nurse been discovered.*

Evasive replies

It is not our purpose to give additional publicity to the people concerned by stating their actual addresses, but areas visited include thoroughfares in the immediate neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square, Piccadilly, Marble Arch and Mornington Crescent.

At the same time we shall be only too pleased to place definite details of our investigations before the proper authorities.

At the first place visited, no name was on the door, which, however, bore the legend "Hours 11–8," followed by the invitation, "Please ring." The visitor was admitted by a woman well past her youth into a room, half of which was screened by a gauze curtain.

Behind the curtain, a young girl could be seen sitting on a couch. Through this room, the visitor was led to another, furnished as a bedroom.

On enquiring for the nurse, he was told that she was out. Asked

Brig.-Gen. Sir William Horwood, K.C.B., D.S.O., Chief Commissioner of Police, whose attention we direct to a very grave scandal

when she would be in, the woman stated that she was never in except by appointment. A request for an appointment to see the nurse was met by evasion. It was stated that she was very busy and only called early in the mornings for letters.

Strange greeting

No explanation was offered as to the use to which the premises were put. On being further pressed for an interview with the nurse, the woman replied that if her visitor called again in two or three days' time she would try to arrange an appointment.

The next place visited was equally as flagrant in its sordid revelation. Again there was no name either on the outside of the building or on the doors of the rooms.

A middle-aged woman answered the door and invited her visitor to enter a room luxuriously furnished as a sitting-room, the chief feature of which was a long, low settee. Her greeting, as soon as the door was closed, was "Well, dearie, and how are you?"

At the question, "Are you the nurse?" she was obviously taken aback and replied, "No, I'm not the nurse. What is it you want?" Her visitor explained that he wanted to see the nurse to enquire if she could take a case.

He outlined a simple case of an imaginary brother who had hurt his knee while playing golf. He wanted to know if the nurse could either visit his brother or massage and bandage the knee if he called.

To this the woman replied that the nurse did not undertake that kind of case. On being asked what kind of case she did undertake, the woman said, "Wait a minute. I'll ask the nurse to come and have a talk with you."

Unavailing vigilance

Drawing a heavy curtain which revealed a glimpse of another room, furnished as a bedroom, she disappeared. A whispered colloquy ensued and then a young girl appeared.

Her flimsy dress revealed rather than concealed her form as she came forward holding out her hand and smiling invitingly. "Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked.

The visitor again explained the purpose of his call and asked the girl if she could undertake the case. She replied, "I'm not a nurse." On being asked where the nurse was, she stated she was out.

She evaded the question as to when the nurse could be seen by suggesting that if the visitor's brother could call they would see "*if something could be arranged.*"

It is something of a mystery how these advertisements can be accepted for insertion in any newspaper, in view of the vigilance which is exercised nowadays to exclude doubtful announcements of every kind.

Some of the places appear to be kept by one woman only, working on her own account, but in no single instance has it been possible to discover the slightest warranty for the advertisement in the form in which it is inserted.

On the other hand, there has been no attempt at concealment as to the true character and purpose of the advertisers.

A name abused

One particularly flagrant case is that of an advertiser who coolly announces her name, adds the word "Visits," her address and telephone number. Anybody may ring up this telephone number and be easily satisfied as to the nature of the visits this advertiser solicits.

The London Telephone Directory gives addresses of over forty associations and agencies which supply trained nurses of every kind.

There is a society of chartered nurses and a society of registered nurses who endeavour to raise and maintain the status of this important profession, but some further protection is needed for this vast army of trained working women which will make it a punishable offence for the name of "nurse" to be used without warrant.

We invite the attention of the police authorities to these boldly advertised plague-spots.

ON SALE JULY 14
"JOHN BULL'S" SUMMER ANNUAL
SIXPENCE

Thousands who could afford to pay more buy Manikins—No other smoke gives the same satisfaction.

You can smoke Manikins hour after hour with steady enjoyment.

The secret of Manikin Goodness at Manikin Price is just this—They are rolled from the delicate Tip-Leaves, too small for the large cigar, yet actually the sweetest of all.

N.B.—Buy a packet to-day and you will be delighted with their fragrance and value.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

"The Trousers with the Long Innings."
Pat Hendren

"232"
GREY FLANNELS
LIGHT — DARK — SILVER TONE — 64 FITTINGS

PAT HENDREN says—
"There's no comfort like the comfort of a pair of flannels, and '232's' are the best I've ever worn.
For sheer hard wear they have amazed me. I call them the trousers with the long innings."

"232" Grey Flannel is *worth* good cutting, so you will find these trousers smart and shapely without being freakish. There are 64 different leg and waist measurements (outsizes are slightly extra), and you can be fitted to perfection in five minutes by any "232" Agent.

PER 14/11 PAIR
(OUTSIZES SLIGHTLY EXTRA)

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

Ask to see "232" Men's Suits, also "232" Junior Boys' and Youths' Blazers and Trousers, Jackets and Shorts.

For Name and Address of your nearest Agent and interesting free booklet, write to "232" Manager at Sales, 38 Wood Street, London, E.C.2

Every Garment Bears this Trade Mark
"232" FLANNEL

In Sunshine Ward
by **PHILIP INMAN**

THE friendship of children for one another is remarkable. When, too, pain is the lot of each, the bond of kinship is pathetic. And it is seldom, indeed, that the bond formed in childhood does not persist throughout life.

ALIAS NUMBER 8

Philip Inman

WE were walking through the children's department. "If I had a boy," commented the doctor, "I would like him to be a second Jackie Dennison." I looked in the direction of Number 8 There he was, a fine-looking lad, with curly hair and mischievous eyes. It seemed a very good choice.

Then I turned from him to the little patient who was fast asleep in the next cot. "And if I had a girl," I added, "I would prefer one like Una Russell." My friend nodded in agreement.

A few minutes later, our visit of inspection over, we were leaving the ward when suddenly from a dozen young throats came the excited cry, "Look what Jackie Dennison's done." We turned round and almost caught him in the act. He had climbed out of bed and made his way across the ward.

In his hand was a box of paints and before anybody could stop him he had made a nasty red daub on the face of the small patient opposite to him.

I turned to the doctor and said smilingly, "And that is the kind of boy you would like." He laughed. "Yes," he said, "he's a little imp, but he's a fine kid. The other day I was dressing his wound, and it must have hurt like blazes, but he didn't make a sound."

A lovable imp

By this time Jackie had returned to his bed. "What made you do such a thing?" asked the sister, "you must tell him that you're sorry."

"But I am not," retorted Number 8. Then he added indignantly, "He sneaked Una's golliwog yesterday and he won't give it back. But I'll make him, you see if I don't."

Five-year-old Una Russell slept on in the next cot, unconscious of her champion's efforts on her behalf.

Jackie Dennison, alias Number 8, had undergone three serious operations. He came to us suffering from acute appendicitis, but complications developed, and more than once it was thought he would never recover.

What the doctor said of him was perfectly true. He was a little imp, but a very lovable one.

In those intervals when he was free from agonising pain he was up to all sorts of mischief.

It would take a book to describe some of his antics. But when he was in pain he would remain perfectly still, and never by the movement of an eyelid betray his feelings.

Touching concern

Una Russell, too, has been in the hospital for many weeks. A little pale-faced mite, she possesses a heart of gold which shines through her big grey eyes. It is bad enough for an adult to have her complaint, but in a child it is a real torture.

There is something wrong with her spine, and for months she has been a prisoner on her back, scarcely able to move her little hands and feet. Yet it is seldom she has not a smile on her face. "Little cheery soul," the nurse calls her, and it fits her well.

She and Jackie Dennison had been "ward neighbours" for nearly three weeks before he took any notice of her. Then, one day their relationship started.

It was decided that the child should undergo a course of treatment which is so painful that it makes even strong men wince.

A cry of agony rang through the ward, and even the doctor's eyes were moist. "Poor little mite," he said, "I know it hurts, but we're going to make you well again so that you can play like the others." Still, the cries of anguish persisted.

Jackie Dennison sat up in his cot, his face pale and his little hands clenched. "Leave her alone," he called out. "You are hurting her and she's only a little girl."

A well-known writer has told us that childhood is the best time in life because we have not started to feel the troubles of others. If he had lived in the children's department during the next few days he would have altered his opinion.

Jackie Dennison's concern for little Una was touching to behold. He is better now, and will be leaving the ward in a few days. When I asked him yesterday if he wanted to go home he smiled. "Yes," he said, "but I wish Una could come with me."

Jackie's parents have given him a penny for every day he has been in the hospital. This morning the nurse asked him what he was going to do with all his wealth. He looked across at Number 7, and then he answered, "Buy her a new golliwog."

Mr. Philip Inman desires to thank the hundreds of readers who responded to his appeal, "Who Wants a Baby Girl?" He regrets that owing to the large number he is unable to reply to each one individually, but he is sure they will be glad to know that arrangements are being made for the child to be received into a happy home.

The Sentence of the Court

BUSINESS NOT WANTED

A Telephone Buzzer

WHEN charged with misfortune-telling for money, Viscount Wolmer, Assistant Postmaster-General, pleaded "Not guilty."

"Many prosecutions have been launched against obscure persons who have practised fortune-telling in a comparatively harmless manner," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "and it is time notice was taken of some more prominent, but not more reliable or entertaining, misfortune-tellers in receipt of substantial incomes from the State.

"The Bond Street palmist or crystal-gazer at least contrives to introduce some optimism into his tarradiddles, but the accused, gazing into the future and trying to forecast the fate of our telephone system, sees only the most gloomy visions.

"When it was suggested in the House of Commons that judicious advertising might result in a greatly increased use of the telephone, he became almost panic-stricken. A big increase in subscribers, he announced, would mean a considerable increase in the cost of maintenance and the complexity of the system, which horrors he seems anxious to avoid.

"One way and another, the accused left an amazed House with the impression that the more telephones there are in use the less chance there is of the Post Office being able to operate the system on a profitable basis."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that it was fatally easy to poke fun at a perfectly sensible statement like that made by Lord Wolmer. Some people talked glibly of advertising the telephone like a patent pill, warranted to cure anything from chronic impecuniosity to incipient baldness; yet the same people who howled of the need for new subscribers were the first to complain if instruments were not installed five minutes after application was made for them.

* * *

"The position adumbrated in the speech which forms the basis of this charge is really a very extraordinary one," said Mr. Justice Bull.

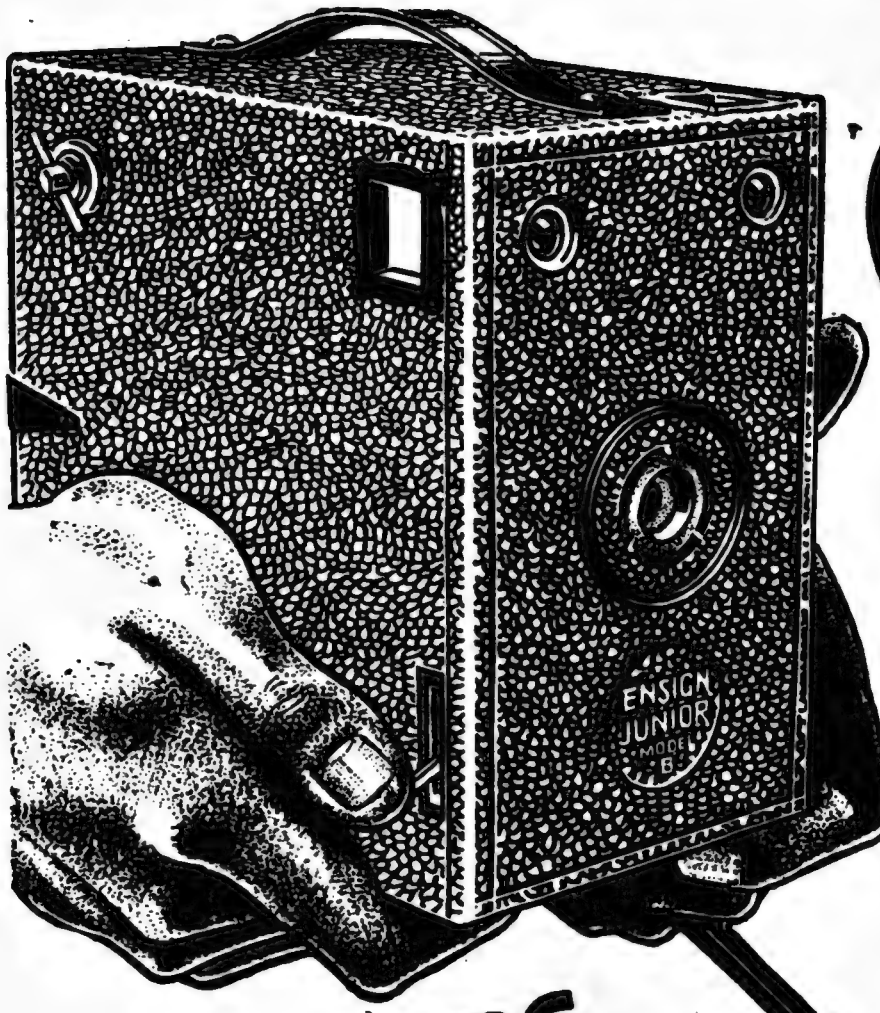
"If it is true that increased business would involve the Post Office in loss, this constitutes a serious reflection upon those engaged in the mismanagement of the department, and moves me to suggest that, in the interests of economy, the 'phone should be declared a dangerous drug or a noxious weed and its use prohibited.

"Personally I refuse to believe that the germ of truth can reside in so preposterous a paradox. If it did, we should have the big stores spending money on advertisements imploring the public not to buy their goods and thus save the advertisers from bankruptcy.

"If the present number of subscribers were doubled we should still be hopelessly behind other countries in the use we make of the 'phone. Statistics relating to telephones in proportion to population show that Great Britain stands only fourteenth in the list of 'phone-using countries, being behind Iceland and Hawaii!

"Obviously, unless the department emerges from its 'coma' it will very soon come to a 'full stop,' and ridiculous postmaster-generalisations like those indulged in by the prisoner will not hasten its emergence.

"I must direct that Lord Wolmer be disconnected from his present office and sentenced to 52 (fifty two) weeks' pennies detention in a public call-box."



CLICK! that will be a good one

—then light another Bar One. Ah! that's good too. It's because of their remarkably pure Virginian quality—no substitutes—that BAR ONE Cigarettes are selling in millions. And then, of course, who could resist the splendid free gifts you get for Bar One coupons. Start now to smoke and enjoy Bar One—they will bring you this daylight loading roll film Ensign Camera FREE and hundreds of other gifts.

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TOWN.....

Send in unsealed envelope, halfpenny stamped. J B.6.

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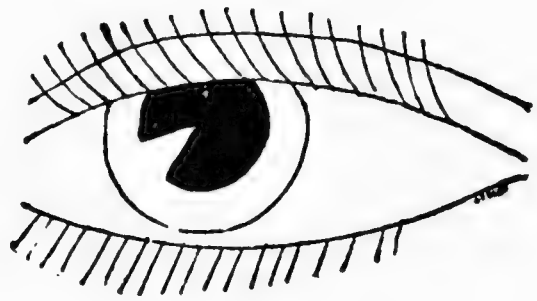

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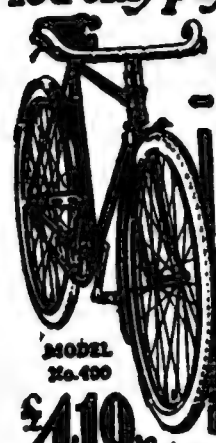

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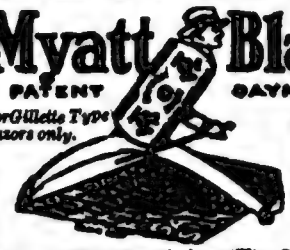

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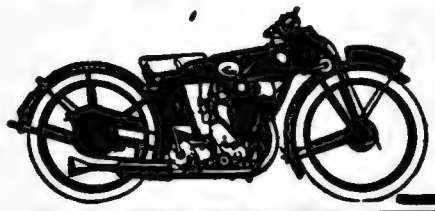

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Words Winged to Women

WOMEN CHILD MURDERERS

by MABEL HORNER

A MOTHER is a sculptor. She works in the dark. If her judgment errs or her hand slips she may mar for a lifetime, dull the divine spark and seal for ever little lips.

ONE day, a few years ago, I overheard a group of working women talking. One of their neighbours had just been delivered of a baby and she was desperately ill. This woman often had babies, one every year in fact, and twice twins had come. Now the tired heart and body had revolted.

This last baby was born dead, and it had taken the country doctor, a nurse hurriedly summoned from other duties, and a motherly neighbour all the night long, working hard, to pull the mother through. She lived, but the neighbours were whispering. She had been warned. The doctor had spoken pretty plainly and told his patient that if the same set of circumstances occurred again she need not look to him to attend her.

Alarming figures

These incidents have been recalled by a long letter just received from a busy midwife working in one of the most congested districts of a busy industrial city. Her theme is the awful death-rate that seems inseparable from maternity. That this is terrible, that it is discreditable, and that it is not and need not be inevitable, cannot be too often insisted.

It is but a day or two ago that the general secretary of the Royal Order of Ancient Shepherds, referred to it in strong terms at its annual meeting at Swansea. In Mr. Saunders' opinion, the nation is not getting a sufficient return for the money expended under the National Health Insurance Act.

That is the opinion of all thinking people. During last year the huge sum of £1,750,000 was spent in this way, but the objects for which maternity benefit was instituted are not being achieved. For the last fourteen years very little, if any, progress has been made in saving the lives of mothers and infants.

Every year nearly three thousand mothers die. Every year nearly 50,000 babies are still-born or die within the first three weeks of life. And none of these cases takes into account the countless others where the mother just escapes to drag out a crippled and ruined life.

"A careful midwife and a skilful doctor," Dame Janet Campbell tells us, "rarely lose a patient." Yet all help given to women in childbed is not skilful and septic poisoning still claims a terrible toll each year. So does bad housing, and such bad ante-natal conditions as render it impossible for any help, however skilful and careful, to be of real avail.

Mabel Horner

But there is another cause of high mortality among mothers and infants. Let it be faced squarely. It was whispered in that conversation among neighbours in the little country town when they heard of the baby born dead and the terrible risk of its mother. It is that which impels the protest received from my correspondent, the trained midwife.

"Few seem to dare to give this side of the controversy," she writes, "and yet in fairness to those midwives who are capable of their duties it ought to be voiced. If only everyone knew what we know and see, and yet have to remain silent under a professional sense of duty!

"Women of to-day cannot afford, *nor can they find room*, for large families, and so, throughout the whole of their unwilling pregnancy they are desperate, and hundreds everywhere are swallowing all sorts of injurious concoctions, hoping to be relieved of their condition.

"Often they advance far without visible result, but the end is a dangerous and septic condition which ends in the death of the baby or the mother, or both. Little lives come into the world only to die presently in agony. Dead babies come into the world in a condition I would not like to describe.

"I say nothing against the conclusions usually arrived at when maternal mortality statistics are under discussion, but the problem of maternal mortality should be viewed from all standpoints if it is to be solved, and one point of view worth considering is this, from the midwife's experience."

Face the facts!

Yes, it is worth while considering, because this aspect of the trouble is something that the women themselves can help. Better, ten thousand times, a knowledge of sane birth-control methods than any resort to those means which not only bring death and disease, but also help to people the world with lunatics.

If, on the other hand, birth control is viewed with religious abhorrence, then both parents have a remedy in their own hands. It lies in facing the facts and by high and holy control of themselves to bring into the world only those children that can be cared for and wanted.

The Flaw that was Fatal

Those Vain Regrets!

IN these days of housing shortage we have almost forgotten the great trek that once upon a time took place up and down the country every quarter-day. Still, even now, furniture-vans may occasionally be seen or carts piled with the heterogeneous gear that announces a family "flittin'" heard rumbling along the roads.

On such days the housewife is full of care. Her mind, no less than her hands and feet, is busy as she hurries along to the new home to receive her furniture, hoping against hope that nothing has been overlooked, lost or broken.

Dangerous delay

Occasionally something really essential is overlooked in the terrific business of house-moving. For instance, Mr. J. Ragan has for many years been a regular reader of JOHN BULL. He was, in fact, one of the registered readers who never had any occasion to apply for benefit, and as year followed year in peaceful succession he rather lost sight of the wisdom of keeping the registration alive.

Anyhow, although when he moved to 62, East Barnet Road, New Barnet, he occasionally had at the back of his mind the thought of re-registration, he never quite arrived at the point of putting it into execution.

His new home was comfortable, consisting of three bedrooms and a kitchen. But it was over a lock-up shop and that was his undoing. Fire broke out in the shop and quickly spread to his home.

Bitter regret

He has no claim on the owner of the shop nor the insurance company covering its contents, and his own, very simple, "cost nothing" household insurance has carelessly been allowed to lapse.

More bitter is the regret of Mr. William Davies at his own lack of forethought. For nearly forty-two years 42, Eshwood Street, New Brancepeth, has been his home. He is a cripple. Now has come tragedy, suddenly, as all such happenings do.

The home of the Davies is gone, through fire. The furniture, possessions of a lifetime, was not insured. Slack trade has placed Mr. Davies among the unemployed, and the pair are utterly without resources.

What a difference the mere affixing of a name and the sending in of a registration form would have made! For the Davies are readers of JOHN BULL, and know now, what they "just never thought of before," that their family paper is invaluable insurance as well.

This "just never thinking" brings about such unhappiness that it is well to end on a cheerier note.

Anxiety gone

Miss Lily Holdstock, her married brother and his wife are all young people living together. Sudden trouble came when the couple sickened with typhoid fever, and had to be removed to hospital.

Then Lily assumed the management of affairs, and remembered what her relatives were too ill to trouble about. Her brother was a *registered* reader of JOHN BULL, and she applied for his benefit.

Now she has a surprise up her sleeve. When the young married folk are well enough to return Lily will present them each with a cheque.

What a merry tea-party there will be that night! Pleasure, instead of anxiety as to bills, and all for just the trivial trouble of writing a name and handing in a form.

HOLIDAYS!

Important Notice to Registered Readers

To remain qualified for the benefits offered under JOHN BULL's Free Insurance Gift, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving, they instructed their newsagent to re-commence the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on their return.

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"This" is Puffed Wheat —golden, nutty fairy kernels of whole wheat puffed to eight times natural size.

TRY IT FREE.

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Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane has demonstrated the vital importance of proper diet in the maintenance of health, and as a remedy for illness.

Everyone who would appreciate a little free advice and guidance on this very important subject should write to the great diet expert, MR. EUSTACE MILES, Dept. T.B.J., 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2. Mention any ailments and give FULL DETAILS of all foods and drinks at each meal. Write name and address in CAPITALS and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

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Human Documents

A Father's Inhumanity

Unsatisfied Longing—Unwomanly Landlady—Hiding the Truth

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

"TWO years ago, it was my misfortune to have a baby girl born with her leg and foot so twisted that it has been necessary for me to attend a hospital constantly for her to have treatment.

"For over six months I went regularly three times a week, and the doctors say it is due to my spending so much time in massaging and manipulating baby's leg and foot at home that my little darling has advanced so well.

"She is a lovely child, very healthy but for this affliction, and you can understand how delighted I was to learn that if baby enters the hospital as an in-patient and undergoes an operation, it may be possible to straighten the leg so that as she grows up she may be able to have almost the full use of it, and run about and play like other children.

"To my dismay, when we were asked to say how much we would contribute towards the cost of maintaining baby in hospital, my husband flatly refused to pay anything.

"I had suggested paying the hospital 7s. a week, meaning that we should each give 3s. 6d., but he will not hear of parting with a penny.

"I DO not think anyone could put any sense or reason into my husband as he lives absolutely for his own pleasure. He has no friends and is the meanest of men.

"He is earning very good money, but he spends it nearly all on himself, allowing me only £3 a week to provide for the family of four, out of which there is 18s. to pay for rent.

"I have left my butcher's bill unpaid this week in order to send the money to the hospital, but I do not know how I shall be able to continue the payments, for I find it a sufficiently hard struggle to make ends meet as it is.

"I feel so ashamed of my husband's selfishness that I scarcely like to explain my difficulty to the almoner at the hospital.

"I have worked day and night for my baby's sake to get her leg well, and it is heartbreaking to be hindered at every turn by the cruel meanness of such a man. How can I make him bear his share of the expense?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Such meanness and callous inhumanity on the part of a father is horrible. If he is so shameless that he will not carry out his parental obligations, meet the necessary expenses of your little one's operation out of your housekeeping money and leave it to him to settle with the tradesmen whose bills may in consequence remain unpaid.*

• • •

"A NEIGHBOUR of mine has been married for seven years and has no family. We are on very friendly terms and my little boy, who is seven, runs in and out of her house almost as if it were his own home. The poor woman seems to be delighted and absolutely in her element to have him playing about while she is at her work.

Longing for Motherhood

"The other day as I was going out I called there for my little boy and when I went in I found my neighbour crying. Through her tears she told me her secret sorrow.

"She is longing for a child of her own, but her husband will not give his consent for her to undergo an operation which would be necessary, as he is afraid that she might not have the strength to come through it.

"I asked her if she had ever thought of adopting a baby, but she said her husband would not agree to that as he feels he could not take to another child as if it were his own.

"The poor wife is thus denied what she longs for most, and it is really pathetic to watch the way she lavishes her wasted mother-love on a pet dog and a canary.

"She was wondering whether it would be possible for her to go away for a holiday and have an operation unknown to her husband, or to arrange by herself to adopt a baby.

"I was afraid to advise her lest anything I said might cause unhappiness, but I said I would put the problem to you. What do you advise?"

"HUMANIST" says: *I cannot advise her to do anything one way or the other without her husband's knowledge and consent. If her doctor, however, is of opinion that she could safely undergo such an operation, her husband should gladly agree to it, for he cannot hope for complete happiness while his wife's longing for motherhood remains unsatisfied.*

• • •

"SINCE last November my husband and I have been living in rooms and have always paid our rent regularly. The landlady gave us no agreement in writing, but simply handed us the keys when accepting us as her tenants. Now she is trying to make us get out of the rooms just because I am expecting a child at the end of this month.

Woman to Woman!

"I did not know in November that this was likely to happen, but when the doctor told me my husband and I were overjoyed, for we have been married two years, and wanted a little one, and the landlady had said that she had no objection to one or two children.

"Now she says I must go away to have my baby, as she could not put up with the disturbance, and then find fresh rooms, as she could not stand a baby's crying.

"Can she compel me to go away for my confinement, and if so can she compel me to pay her rent while I am away? With all the extra expense I shall have I do not see how I could do it, for we are a young couple and my husband does not earn a great wage.

"It is terrible to be worried like this just when we are looking forward to our crowning happiness. Please tell me what to do."

"HUMANIST" says: *Insist upon having your baby at home. Your landlady cannot compel you to go elsewhere for your confinement. She may give you notice to leave, but she cannot turn you out without an order of the court. She will scarcely dare to parade her monstrous heartlessness by making public application for a possession order on such grounds.*

• • •

Secret Sorrows

MANY suffer in secret and there may be tragedy in your own street of which you know nothing. You can succour poor afflicted souls by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 34.)

"ARE lies ever justified? Generally speaking, I think I can claim to be a truthful woman, but recently I told more lies in a few minutes than I remember telling in my life before, and the lies were told to my poor old father, who is dying!

White Lies

"He is in hospital suffering from an incurable disease with complications which render his condition so pitiable that his end will come as a merciful release.

"When he was admitted it was realised that his case was so hopeless that a suggested operation would be useless, and all that could be done was to make him as comfortable as possible.

"Like so many invalids who are fatally stricken, he sometimes imagines that he is improving, and then he worries to come back home, saying he feels sure he will soon get quite well again under my care.

"I have a large family of young children, and I could not possibly undertake to nurse him. The hospital staff are doing much better than I could.

"So to pacify him I deceived him into believing that an operation would be performed as soon as he had been strengthened sufficiently to stand the ordeal. He cheered up immediately, and now seems happy in misguided anticipation of complete recovery.

"The only alternative was to have told him the truth—that he was far too ill for any attempt to be made to move him. Yet sometimes I feel I have done wrong."

"HUMANIST" says: *I do not think you need reproach yourself. If there are any white lies the whitest are surely those told to relieve the suffering of those who are mortally afflicted so that their last days may be made more happy.*

• • •

Aunt Sylock

"My girl has been very worried lately and at last she has confided to me that some time ago she borrowed £2 from her aunt, who wants £3 5s. back, and keeps threatening her, although she has paid £2 7s. 6d. I have told her not to pay any more. Am I right or wrong?"

"Humanist" says: *I think you are right. If the aunt is not ashamed of such usury towards her own kith and kin let her sue in the court for her pound of flesh.*

A Hopeless Quest

"Several times of late I have dreamt that my son, who was reported missing in 1915, is alive in some hospital in Germany, not knowing who or where he is. How can I find out about him and set my mind at rest?"

"Humanist" says: *You can write to the Secretary of the War Office, but I fear it will prove a hopeless quest, for it was officially stated some time ago that there are no unidentified cases remaining in institutions either in this country or on the Continent.*

Blackmailers' Traps

"I recently paid a subscription to a correspondence club, and have been supplied with several addresses, but since reading some of your articles I have wondered whether it might be dangerous to communicate with the people."

"Humanist" says:—*It is, to say the least, inadvisable to correspond with strangers introduced in that manner, for such organisations, wittingly or otherwise, may easily lend themselves to unscrupulous blackmailers*

Are your snapshots clear and bright?

No matter how carefully you may select your subjects and manipulate your camera, your pictures may be ruined in the final stage—the printing. Unless your prints are made on the right kind of sensitized paper they will be disappointing and all your care will be wasted.

The "Kodak" Company make a paper called "Velox" specially for amateur photographers' pictures. It is made in several grades to suit the various classes of negatives—for instance, if your negatives happen to be flat and lifeless, there is a grade of "Velox" called "Vigorous" that will give bright, plucky prints, or if your negatives happen to be harsh and contrasty there is a grade called "Soft" that will give prints with the harshness subdued. "Velox" gives you the best possible print from every negative.

When you make your own prints *use "Velox,"* or when you take your films to a "Kodak" dealer to be developed and printed *ask for "Velox" prints.*

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HOW TO GET RID OF INDIGESTION.

Those who suffer from indigestion, gastritis, acidity, flatulence, dyspepsia, heartburn, etc., will be glad to learn that instant relief can be obtained by taking half a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder, or two or three tablets, in a little water immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt. This instantly neutralises the acid that causes all the trouble, stops the fermentation, heals and soothes the inflamed stomach lining, and restores painless, normal digestion. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia of your chemist to-day; use as directed, and you will soon be telling your friends how you got rid of indigestion.

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